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ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF ROUMANIA, "CARMEN SYLVA."

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

In spite of the general popularity of cricket, the more intelligent section of mankind have hitherto declined to cultivate that science. They came to the conclusion that there were other things beside honour to be got in the cricket-field. The spectacle of a fellow-creature, in the nineteenth century, in complete defensive armour made them pause. That a man should attire himself in indiarubber naturally associated him in their minds with the prospect of being "rubbed out." What was he afraid of? Well, of the bowler. In old times, the bowling was "underhand," and the balls were often "sneakers." From a moral point of view, this may have been deplorable, but in its duplicity (so to speak) there was comparative safety. Then came the days of "roundhand" (which in caligraphy comes first), and eventually of "demon bowlers," against whom a bat is a very ineffectual protection. There was a great temptation to "run" prematurely; even the stoutest persons felt it; indeed, they felt it the more, because they presented a larger portion of unprotected surface. Then came the catapult, an ingenious instrument, but not altogether free from danger; if the missile hurled by it did not take the wicket, "it put you out" in other ways. Thus the more intelligent (and valuable) members of society only patronised the game as spectators. All this, however, has now been changed by the creation or invention of the automaton bowler. Our new friend (if he will allow me to call him so) not only delivers his "pitch" with wonderful exactness, but, what is of much more consequence, regulates its force according to the taste and fancy of the batsman. He never gives what persons who possess the finest kind of courage—discretion—call a "nasty" ball. It may be "dead on the wicket" and "to leg" or "to off"—all the dreadful terms are retained without the danger—but you preserve both life and limb. Hitherto cricket has been only a safe game as compared with football (a relaxation which has reached that pass as to be only patronised by criminal lunatics); but it will now be welcome to all classes, even the most cultured. The proposal that the ball should be made of some soft material, though privately very popular, has never met with public approval: it was thought to be tinged with pusillanimity. The automaton bowler has done away with what is objectionable, while at the same time honour is preserved. It is possible that matches will still be sometimes played in the old fashion, just as flint and tinder, notwithstanding their attendant dangers, were used by rustics subsequent to the invention of lucifers; but, in the highest and noblest sense, cricket will now for the first time be popular. One will be curious to note whether the practice of cheering the bowler when he takes a wicket will survive his want of appreciation of the compliment.

A philosopher has told us that the worst part of poverty is that it makes one ridiculous—an observation characteristic of a dignified nature, but which could hardly have emanated from one who has known the horrors of want. Nevertheless, the sting of an unpleasant position may lie in its absurdity, and a quarrel be offensive from the very insignificance of an antagonist. Of such a character must have been the war that has been lately raging in a certain country parish between the rector and his choir-boy. This young gentleman had not been invited to the choir "treat," and, to mark his sense of that neglect, sang so loudly as to disturb the service. The rector said that if this continued he would have to dispense with chanting altogether. The churchwarden said that he really could no longer go to church, because the poor rector "looked so uncomfortable when the boy was singing." The rector and the churchwarden both said that "what made matters more disagreeable, the boy's voice was breaking." Intensely humorous as it all sounds, this state of affairs was no fun for the rector. But a few years ago this youth would have been caned by the sexton, and have "sung small" and low ever afterwards; but in these times the boy is as sacred as a Brahmin's cow, and the voice of the public "breaks" (with emotion) at the idea of his being corrected.

One of the stock arguments advanced by the defenders of street music is that it delights the juvenile population. The man who of all the London clergy is best acquainted with the poor has told us that there is no greater curse to the sick children in its alleys, where there are no police to bid him "move on," than the organ-grinder. An "Old Gentleman" who has clung to the former theory all his life, and given many a penny to these sons of discord, has confessed his error, and recanted in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "I took an unusually long street ramble yesterday," he writes, "and three times did I come, in different parts of the town, upon the same musician playing to the dancing of the same couple of artistically dirty and correctly ragged little girls. Inquiry has shown me that they were as much a part of his troupe as the monkey on his organ." This is really good news. When all other arguments fail with them, the advocates of a nuisance feel a certain resentment at finding themselves made a cat's-paw of by the offenders. When a Bill for the suppression of street noises again comes before the House, I hope these young ladies will tender themselves as witnesses in its favour, upon the understanding, of course, that they receive "compensation for non-disturbance."

"Sweet after showers, ambrosial air," sings the poet, but when the showers are unintermittent it is only moist and unpleasant—as Mr. Mantalini threatened to become unless his wife gave him money: the sweetness seems washed out of it. Such have been the breezes that have visited us these summer holidays: tearful themselves, they have also caused tears in others. It is the foolish fashion to underrate the disadvantages of poverty in holiday time, and to dwell upon the fact that one can purchase as happy a fortnight for two pounds as for fifty; but wet weather punishes the poor man far more than the rich one. His

programme, as written in the "improving" periodicals, is delightful, and quite independent of his banker's book. He roams the hills like a butterfly, botanises, geologises, or finds objects of interest by the seashore. He lives entirely out of doors, takes his meals from a luncheon-bag, and, wholesomely exhausted by fatigue, only returns to his "humble but beautifully clean" lodgings to sleep o' nights. But if it is wet, he can do none of these things, except the going to bed. He has only one sitting-room, which is also the playground of his children. He has to take his pipe, if there is no porch, under an umbrella. He has no smoking-room, nor billiard-room, nor table-d'hôte, nor conversable society of any kind to help the weary hours to pass; and while they are passing he knows that his one fortnight's holiday is slipping away with them. The spectacle of the ruined holiday, to be seen on every hand this summer at our seaside resorts, is a most depressing one. No philosophy on the part of the sufferers can bear up against it: it is sad to see them trudging through the pitiless downpour, generally without waterproofs, and looking up at the menacing sky. I have noticed in my neighbourhood only one paterfamilias who has kept a cheerful countenance, a perfect Mark Tapley, though obviously out of his element. His behaviour filled me with such admiration that I was emboldened to ask him the secret of his content. "Well, you see, it's this, Sir. I promised my wife, before we came down here, to take her for a sail on the sea. I have been on the sea once—and she hasn't: I'm a man of my word, and the promise has weighed very heavy on my mind: but if it don't hold up—and, thank Heaven, I see no chance of it!—I shall get out of it; and that's what makes me so cheerful."

Do you know what a boom is? The rise in money value of some article, the demand for which is greatly in excess of the supply. Not at all. The boom I have just now in my mind—and it is necessary to have it there if I don't want to be knocked on the head and into the sea—is the boom of my friend Jones's yacht, which is much in excess of the demand. It is always changing quarters when least expected or desired. "Why don't you sit in the well?" says Jones. A nice hospitable invitation, truly, such as I have never heard given by host to guest on shore. This love of yachting is surely the most amazing emotion that ever agitated the human breast. If the sea is smooth, you are sick, and if it is rough, you are frightened—at least, I am. As to sociability, there is plenty of that on hand, it must be confessed, if nearness constitutes it. "Of all beloveds, none standing further than the door," might have been written of a yachting party, except that there is no door, and nobody can stand up because of the boom. It interferes with everything just at the most inopportune moment, whether quotation, conversation, or flirtation. I believe Jones's sister-in-law would have been engaged to old Barker in half a minute, only just as he was about to pop the question (I saw him doing it) the skipper cried, "Beg pardon, Sir, the boom!" which knocked his cap off, and showed how awfully bald he was. He is one of those men who, when others are present, always brushes his hair with his hat on; but of course she did not know this. It came upon her, thanks to the boom, like a revelation, and two fond hearts—or hearts that might have been fond—were sundered for ever. He will never speak again, I think, in that way. The motto of this swinging monster is, "I prefer your room to your company." We lie on deck when it is fine, and take our meals there, subject to its capricious motions: it sweeps the board, and also, if they don't look sharp, the boarders. Imagine one's having a thing like that in one's dining-room on land! It might be useful, no doubt, under the host's guidance, in putting a stop to unwelcome topics at the table; but as an irresponsible agent it would be intolerable. Yet a yachtsman thinks nothing of it. Of course one does not expect to find things so pleasant on sea as on shore (or if one does, one must be considerably disappointed); but what I hate in Jones is that he pretends they are as pleasant, or even more so. He would be quite disgusted (says his sister-in-law) if he knew I was writing anything against his boom. However, he is gone to Norway with it, and it is an even chance that he will not return to read this.

The following notice in the weekly papers is, no doubt, considered (by the advertiser) to afford great encouragement to men of letters: "Wanted for a magazine, exciting short stories—maximum, 3000 words; payment, one guinea a thousand." This is golden remuneration indeed; but its chief attraction will be its heading, "To Professional Authors." Applicants will at once free themselves from the imputation of being amateurs. It will be better than being prize-winners in those competitions which some periodicals have ingeniously invented for getting copy at a cheap rate under the guise of liberality. It is just possible, however, that there may be more excitement in the contest than in the tales themselves. Even if success is achieved, this line of business can scarcely be reckoned upon as a livelihood. No story-teller can go on writing enthralling narratives full of dramatic incidents the maximum length of which is to be three thousand words. Such violent delights may be compressed into a small space once or twice, but not for ever. One soon comes to the end of them, as was said of the pleasure of stroking the kitten's back. A gentleman of lively imagination might earn three guineas at it, but scarcely three guineas a week. Even a writer steeped in crime, and drawing from his own exciting experiences, could scarcely prolong the recital of them beyond a month or two. One has heard (alas!) of authors "writing themselves out," and in this case it would happen with frightful rapidity. I picture to myself scores of my fellow-creatures shrunk to the shadows of their former selves by these high-pressure exertions, these "spurts" and "sprints" in the pedestrian ground of fiction: "I have spoken my last (three thousandth) word, and can imagine no more incidents," moans one; "I have confessed my last crime, and have no vigour left in me to commit a new one," sighs another. I do not express these apprehensions, however, to discourage

exertion, but merely to prevent unjustifiable expectations. So far as it goes, the prospect is dazzling.

Mrs. Besant tells that she "has received several letters" from the late Madame Blavatsky. I am not one of those persons who are so rude as to doubt a lady's word, but I should be glad of more detailed information. As for the subject-matter of these epistles, it is doubtless of a private nature, but it can be no breach of confidence to describe the caligraphy. Has the handwriting improved, or the reverse? In this world candid friends assure me that I shall never write a good hand; my "telegraph-hand," they say, is better than my "writing-hand." That is but faint praise; in truth, they can only hope for improvement elsewhere. I am not unacquainted with "spirit-hands" in missives alleged to have been written by various eminent persons, but they have been so very much alike that sceptics have roundly asserted them to have been the work of a medium. It is not what I call a medium handwriting, being greatly below the average, and, indeed, almost illegible. But in the cases of Julius Caesar, Semiramis, and so on (from whom the specimens are mostly taken), it is difficult to get corroborative evidence, and that of experts is proverbially fallible. The present correspondence, however, is going on between private friends, where there can be no difficulty in the way of identification; and again I ask, with pardonable importunity, Is the handwriting of this departed lady improved or otherwise? This is not a mere personal inquiry, for if the Theosophic faith should become general our correspondence will be largely increased, and whether that part of it which comes (so to speak) through the Dead Letter Office is well or ill written will be a matter of public interest.

HOME NEWS.

The Braemar Gathering was held on Sept. 3, in a "grass park" at Clunie, on the south side of the Dee, a most picturesque spot, about half a mile from Invercauld House, and quite three miles from Braemar. The royal pavilion, which was erected at the top of the "park," was a most ornate building, and near it was a large canvas structure for Sir Algernon Borthwick's guests. There were about six thousand persons present, of whom nearly half came all the way from Aberdeen. The Queen arrived about four o'clock, and her Majesty was present for more than an hour. The royal procession, which was headed by outriders in scarlet liveries, consisted (says the *World*) of four carriages, and the Queen was accompanied by Princess Louise, the Princess of Leiningen, and Princess Margaret of Connaught. The fourth carriage was occupied by the Queen's Indian servants, whose demeanour was not characterised by the severe gravity which is usually associated with Orientals.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are expected to arrive at Sandringham for the winter on Oct. 30 or 31.

No official explanation has been made of the circumstances under which her Majesty's ship *Espiegle* conveyed a quantity of silver bullion from Chile to Monte Video, at the request of ex-President Balmaceda. It is stated that this was done by the authority of Mr. Kennedy, the British Minister at Santiago, but Admiral de Horsey points out in the *Times* that, according to the Navy regulations, the commanding officer of the ship is entitled in such a case to use his sole discretion. The Admiral argues that, as a general rule, British naval officers have a perfect right to carry bullion for a foreign Government. But the point is whether the commander of the *Espiegle* was justified in helping Balmaceda to dispose of trust-money which was the property of the Chilean Republic. On this Admiral de Horsey says nothing, but the facts show that the action of the *Espiegle* has placed the country in an awkward position.

The event of the week is the meeting of the Trades Union Congress at Newcastle. Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., delivered the presidential address, in which he deprecated too much reliance on the State for labour reforms, and looked forward to the time when "monsters" like the millionaire and the pauper would be unknown to a Christian community. Mr. Burt's views with regard to the interference of the State with the hours of labour were not sustained by the congress, for a resolution in favour of a compulsory eight-hours day was carried by 232 to 163 votes. This majority shows a marked growth of opinion in favour of the proposed legislation since the meeting of the Trades Union Congress last year.

The colliery managers have protested against any fixing of the hours of adult labour by Parliament. Mr. Palmer, the President of the National Association of Colliery Managers, in the course of his address at the annual meeting of the association at Newcastle, urged the necessity of preparing for the introduction of electricity into mines. This change, when it comes, may prove to be as important to the physical well-being of the miners as any restriction of the hours of labour.

The proceedings of the Oriental Congress have not lacked variety. Mr. G. C. Haité fluttered the commercial dovescotes by denouncing the influence of trade on Indian art. "The shawl of Cashmere," he said, "which used to be a model of beautiful design and workmanship, had, owing to the sordid stimulus of competition, been degraded to the level of the Scotch plaid." Sir Richard Meade read an important paper on native administrators in India, the gist of which was that the native was often an excellent official provided that his functions were purely subordinate. The congress agreed that the study of Oriental languages was neglected in this country, and great stress was laid on the importance of Arabic. Perhaps the most interesting contribution was Dr. Bellew's description of the descendants of Greek colonists in Afghanistan.

Mr. Frederic Harrison's lecture on the "true sphere of woman" has defined very clearly the position of the social reformers who will not accept feminine "emancipation." Mr. Harrison contended that the centre of woman's usefulness was the home, and that in proportion as this was disregarded for the sake of politics or trade the community must suffer. This view is strongly contested by the advocates of women's suffrage and of the enlargement of feminine activities in many directions. Mr. Frederic Harrison is likely to find himself the object of copious oburgation.

There is some prospect that Eastbourne will be delivered at last from the mob violence which has raged there every Sunday for many weeks past. The magistrates are credited with the notable expedient of swearing in as special constables most of the disorderly persons in the place, and then locking them up in the Townhall. This is perhaps a little too ingenious to be true; but there seems some chance that the disturbances which have disgraced Eastbourne recently, in consequence of the general license to attack the processions of the Salvation Army, whether accompanied by the obnoxious brass bands or not, are coming to an end.

It is announced that Mr. Spurgeon is having quieter nights and is a little better in health, he having been able to sit in the garden for a short time. It is mentioned as an interesting fact that there are still two hundred and fifty unpublished sermons by Mr. Spurgeon.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ROUMANIA.

The political destinies of its King, the gifts of its Queen, and the all too public love-experiences of the heir to the throne continue to excite an unflagging interest in the little kingdom of Roumania. King Charles was born in 1837, and entered the Prussian army at an early age, serving in the 1st Regiment of Guard Dragoons until his twenty-seventh year, when he was offered and accepted the throne of the new Principality of Roumania. On Nov. 15, 1869, he married Princess Elizabeth of Wied, daughter of a long line of archbishops, statesmen, and civil dignitaries—then twenty-six years of age. In 1870 a daughter was born to the princely couple, but in 1874 the child died of diphtheria. Their subsequent life, their share in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877—the Prince as a brave commander, the Princess as an indefatigable nurse—has been often told. The Prince commanded a corps of forty thousand volunteers from all parts of the liberated Eastern provinces; the Princess organised a system of ambulances, which she directed herself, apparelled in the costume of a Sister of Charity. With the end of the war Roumania was declared a kingdom by the Powers, and on May 22, 1881, Prince Charles became Charles I. of Roumania. The Crown Prince Ferdinand, around whom so much interest has settled of late, is a nephew of King Charles, and is twenty-six years of age. To not a few of our readers the Queen of Roumania is interesting, less on account of her regal dignity than in consequence of the literary fame she has achieved under the *nom de guerre* of "Carmen Sylva"—poems, romances, and meditations have come unceasingly from her pen. "Hommerstein" appeared in 1880, "Rumänischer Dichtungen" in 1881, "Jehovah" in 1882, "Die Hexe" in 1882, "Meine Ruh" in 1884; but, indeed, not one of our modern novelists anxious for a livelihood has been more prolific than this literary Queen, who is now lying ill at Venice, the object of universal solicitude and sympathy. Our Portrait of Queen Elisabeth is from a photograph by T. Edge, of Llandudno; of King Charles and Prince Ferdinand by F. Mandy, of Bucharest.

THE RECENT RIOTING IN CHINA: THE YANG-TZSE-KIANG.

Very few travellers who visit China think of turning from the well-trodden paths and ascending the greatest of China's many rivers. To few, indeed, are the waters of the Yang-tzse known. Some who ascend the river are called there on business, probably the tea-trade; some, taking a holiday from Shanghai, find the pleasant shooting at Wuhu an attraction; but few seek both sport and pleasure by visiting its upper waters. In fact, above the city of Hankow, about six hundred miles up, very little is known, and it is with difficulty, even in Shanghai itself, that one can obtain information.

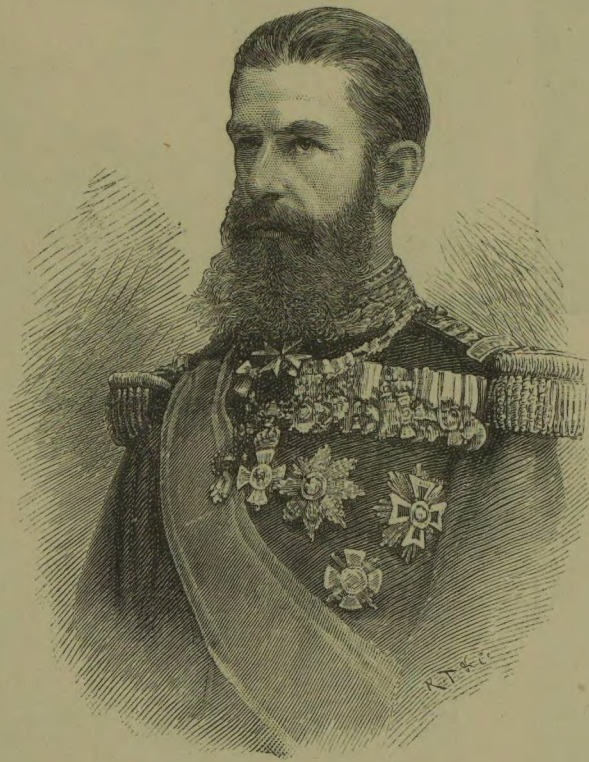
Even from Shanghai to Hankow the river is by no means unattractive. Here with low, marshy banks, in which the water buffalo placidly feeds, here ranges of hills, while ever and anon cities are passed, each and all reminding us of some event in ancient or modern history, or renowned for manufacture or trade: Nanking, the principal scene of the Taiping rebellion, the former capital of China, the city of the tombs of the Ming dynasty, the home of blue china, where formerly stood the great porcelain pagoda, one of the wonders of the world; Chinkiang, celebrated for its porcelain works and its bazaar of pottery shops; Wuhu and Chiu-Kiang, and last, but not least, great mercantile Hankow, with its shady "bund" and great European offices and houses, and its squalid dirty native city within the walls.

Above Hankow all changes. One small steamer alone bears the traveller to Ichang-fu, a name that at the present moment tells a tale of sadness, owing to the murder of the Catholic sisters living there—quiet, unpretentious daughters of France, whose souls were in the work before them, regretting naught of what they had left behind, and with nothing to look forward to but suffering and persecution, and, alas! death. Ichang-fu is a large city situated on the steep banks to the north of the Yangtze. Beyond a few missionaries there are only one or two European residents employed by the Chinese Government. Above Ichang the river scenery completely changes, the waters narrowing to only two hundred yards in breadth, forming the lowest of the magnificent series of gorges which extend for some four hundred miles farther up. No steamers ply on the river above Ichang, and the traveller who would explore these gorges has to trust himself to the tender mercies of a Chinese junk and a Chinese crew.

No words can express the grandeur of the scenery. Straight from the water's edge rise the cliffs, unscalable, immeasurable, rearing their broken peaks far into the clouds above. Here and there, where the precipices give way to more sloping banks, little villages are perched, and peeping from the waving bamboos can be seen the bright, fantastic roofs of many a tiny temple or "joss-house," looking as if they had been picked from a willow-pattern plate and set down among the shady groves of Western China. We land from our junk to visit the villages, though the Chinamen of the Upper Yangtze are not always hospitably inclined. The only way, almost, to win their hearts is to take notice of their children, and so stifle the hatred of the "foreign devil" in paternal pride. Funny little things the Chinese babies are, too—fat, lovable little bundles of clothing, fantastic by nature and in costume, but a merry laughing crew all the same. They follow us from afar at first, till, shyness having worn off, we persuade them to run races for small silver coins as prizes. But pleasant remembrances of the Yangtze are almost blotted out by later news, for it is along its banks that the fanatical struggle between China and the foreigner is now being carried on so ruthlessly.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILE.

The new Provisional Government of the Republic of Chile, formally established on Sept. 4, with Señor Jorge Montt, late commander of the naval squadron, as President, by decree of the Junta or Directing Committee of the victorious Congress party, has been recognised by the German Empire and by the Government of the United States of America. Santiago, the capital, and Valparaiso, the chief commercial city, are now perfectly tranquil; Coquimbo, with the two vessels of war, the torpedo-boat Almirante Condell, and the armed



CHARLES, KING OF ROUMANIA.

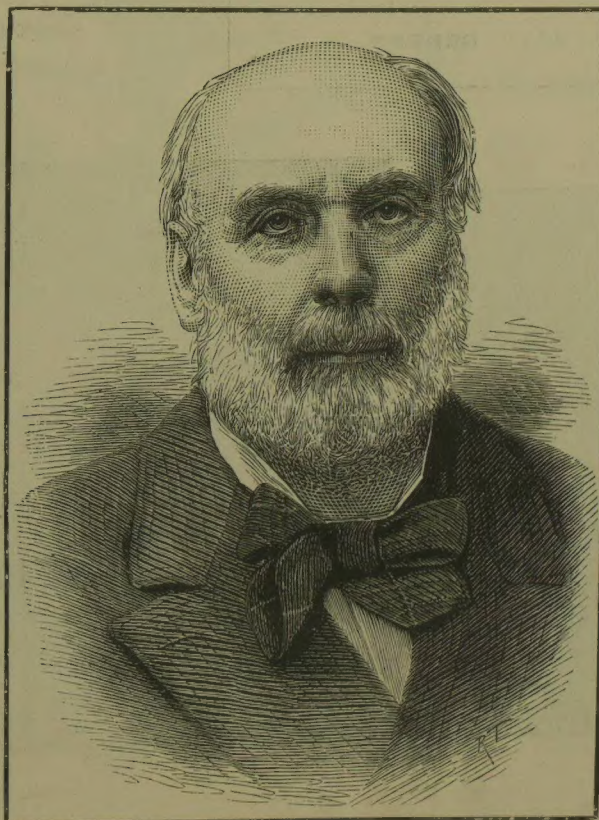


FERDINAND, CROWN PRINCE OF ROUMANIA.

transport Imperial, which had belonged to ex-President Balmaceda, surrendered on Sept. 4; and there is no remaining armed force in Chile on his side. It is said that he has escaped across the Andes on his way to Buenos Ayres, or he is hiding in a monastery. The leading refugee members or partisans of his late Government, who were on board the German and American war-ships at Valparaiso, have been sent to Peru for safety, as the Chilean Provisional Government would not promise to spare their lives. Serious disturbances took place in one of the southern provinces, at Talcahuano and Coronel, in the Bay of Concepcion, when the news of Balmaceda's defeat and overthrow reached those places. Two regiments of Balmaceda's troops, recently brought there from Coquimbo, instantly revolted, killing their officers, and then, joined by 4000 coal-miners—the collieries, iron mines, and other industries of that district have been illustrated by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist—they entered the town of Coronel, plundered and burnt many houses and stores, ill-treated the women, and perpetrated other outrageous acts.

CLEARANCE IN CLARE MARKET.

Another portion, till now remaining, of the old labyrinth of squalid streets, lanes, courts, and alleys north of the Strand near Temple Bar, the greater part of which disappeared in preparing the site of the new Law Courts, has been consigned to demolition. Behind Clement's Inn, and to the north-west of King's College Hospital, is "Clare Market," familiar to most Londoners who have occasion to pass from Lincoln's Inn Fields into the Strand. They turn to the right hand from Portsmouth Street, notable for its quaint old-fashioned houses, including the so-called "Old Curiosity Shop," which was originally the mimic dairy-cottage of the Duchess of Portsmouth, one of the pampered mistresses of King Charles II. Through Gilbert's Passage, an odd-looking place till lately occupied by the dirtiest of cheap book-stalls, and partly roofed over by the upper storey of an adjacent house, is the entrance to

THE LATE M. JULES GRÉVY,
FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

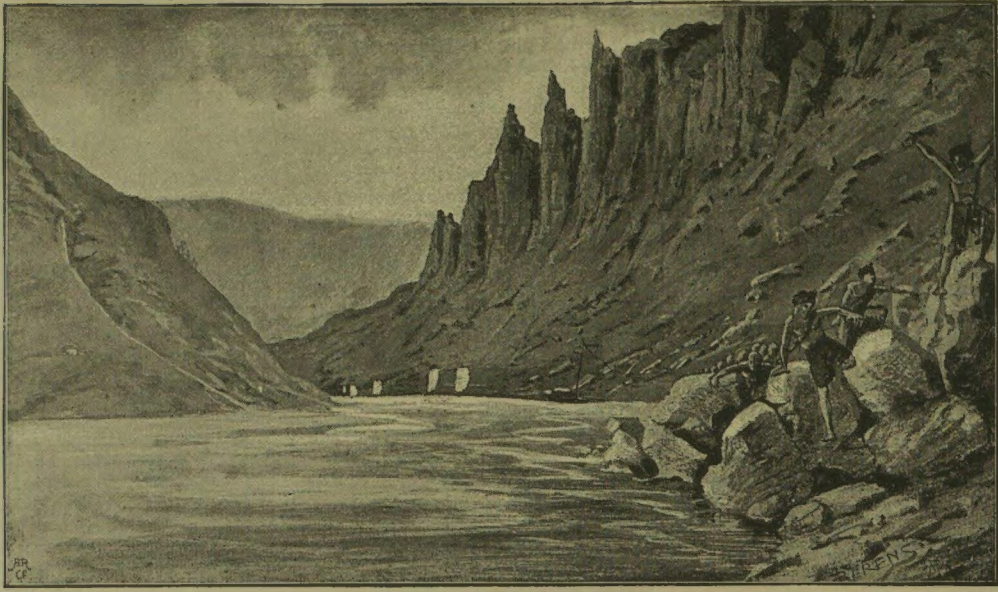
Clare Market, directly opposite the west end of Portugal Street, and close to King's College Hospital. The market was established in "St. Clement's Fields" about the year 1650, by the Earl of Clare, a resident there, for the sale of flesh and fish, and for a long time was one of the best of its kind in the town. An Act of 1657, for "Restraint of New Buildings in and about London," contained a saving clause in the Earl of Clare's favour to continue the erection westwards of the market of a certain number of houses for which a license had been granted in 1643 to Gervase Holles. On this ground stand Denzell, Holles, Clare, and Houghton Streets, called after names and titles of the family. Gilbert, Earl of Clare, set up in Denzell Street a tablet—"Rebuilt by Hy. Cocker, 1796" and one against the wall of the Royal Yacht Tavern, to commemorate his naming the street, 1682, after his uncle Denzell Lord Holles, "the exact pattern of his Father's great Merritt John Earle of Clare." For the market butchers, John, fourth Earl of Clare, created Duke of Newcastle in 1694, built the chapel to which "Orator" Henley migrated from Newport Market. The last of the slaughter-houses, in Bear Yard, was pulled down, two years ago, for the erection of the Strand Union Workhouse and casual wards. On the baker's shop at the corner of Vere and Clare Streets is a curious tablet or sign of two negroes' heads; on the front of a doomed house in Gilbert Street, which belongs to King's College Hospital, is a finely carved trophy of arms in stone. The area of the market, bounded to the north by Sheffield Street, to the east by Gilbert Street, and to the west by Vere Street, is now being cleared of the few houses at the north end, and of the low sheds that covered most of its space, which of late years were mainly used for the safe-keeping of costermongers' barrows. The comprehensive street-improvements scheme of the London County Council may transform the whole of this quarter.

MISSIONS TO SEAMEN: IN THE DOWNS.

The Society for providing religious "Missions to Seamen," of which his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh is patron, Prince George of Wales vice-patron, the Earl of Aberdeen president, and nearly all the bishops vice-presidents, with a committee, secretaries, and office at 11, Buckingham Street, Strand, has extensive work to do among the many thousands of seamen, fishermen, boatmen, and bargemen, on the British shores, and in foreign and colonial ports. Maintaining over fifty churches or chapels, institutes, and mission-rooms ashore, and visiting the sailors' homes and boarding-houses in commercial and naval ports, its operations afloat are considerable, the mission vessels going to meet the ships in the various outer roadsteads in the English Channel. In the last year more than 12,500 ships were thus boarded in twelve outer roadsteads alone, by the chaplains and scripture-readers of this Society, often under hazardous conditions. The worse the weather, the fuller the roadstead, and the more welcome the chaplain's visit; and 3500 services, on week-days and Sundays, attended by men of various creeds and nationalities, were thus held on the waters at a distance from the land. As no other clergymen serve these exposed maritime outposts of the Church, this pastoral visitation and united worship would not have taken place but for the Seamen's Missions. In the Downs, where sometimes three or four hundred vessels lie anchored during stormy weather, or till the west winds cease, the evangelical work finds abundant congregations at leisure. The mission-boat puts out from Deal, goes alongside one ship or another, by permission, and a simple religious service is held, the captain, mates, crew, and passengers assembling on deck; when this cannot be done, the crew are visited in the fore-castle. Hymns are sung, prayers are recited, some passage of the Bible is read, and there is a brief address from the chaplain. Many copies of the Scriptures, in different languages, are sold to the seamen. Large numbers of them take the pledge of the Church of England Temperance Society.

THE LATE M. JULES GRÉVY.

The death of M. Jules Grévy, nine years President of the French Republic, who retired from that high office towards the end of 1887, is an event justly calling for some expression of public esteem, on account of the integrity and consistency of his long political career. François Paul Jules Grévy was born in August 1813, at Mont-sous-Vaudry, in the Jura, was educated at the college or high school of Poligny, studied law in Paris, and became an advocate or barrister in good practice. In the Revolution of July 1830, he took part with the Constitutional Liberals, who aided in the overthrow of King Charles X., and in the establishment of King Louis Philippe; he was afterwards professionally engaged for the defence of several of the Republicans charged with political offences. After the Revolution of February 1848, he became a Commissary of the Provisional Government in his native Department, and was returned to the Constituent Assembly. He opposed the presidency of Louis Napoleon, and after the *Coup d'Etat* of Dec. 2 confined himself to his profession. In 1868, however, he was returned by the Jura Department to the Assembly, and was one of the most determined opponents of the Second Empire in its last days. In February 1871 he was returned for the Jura, and was elected President of the Assembly, a post to which he was re-elected in 1876, 1877, and 1879. His position was most difficult throughout, and the turbulence of the Monarchist majority caused him to resign in 1873, M. Buffet taking his place. During his next tenure of the presidential chair, he ruled the Chamber, as before, with great firmness, despite the apparent peril of an immediate Monarchical restoration. In January 1879, the Marshal-President having resigned, M. Grévy was re-elected his successor by 563 out of 713 votes. In December 1885, in spite of his advanced years, he was re-elected President of the Republic by a large majority. In 1887 he resigned his office, the resignation being indirectly due to the decoration scandals, in which his son-in-law, M. Wilson, was implicated; but there was no suspicion of the complicity of M. Grévy in any improper acts.



TOWING BOATS ON THE UPPER YANG-TZSE-KIANG.



A CHINESE BABY.

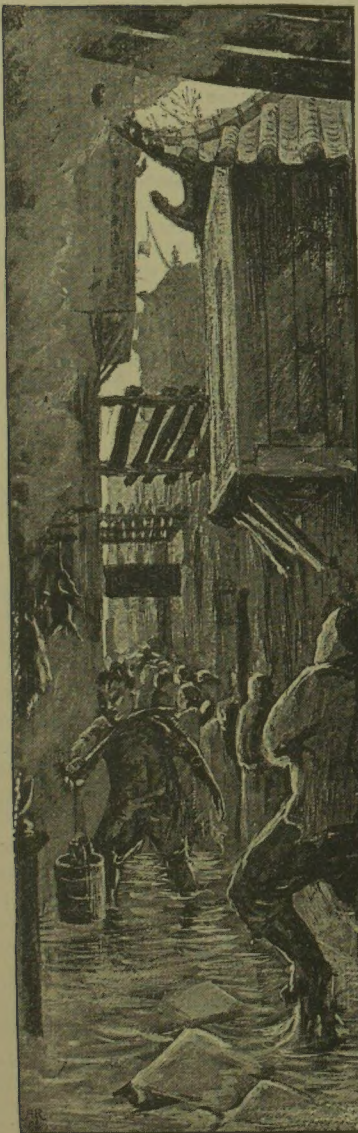


A CHINESE BABY OF HANKOW.

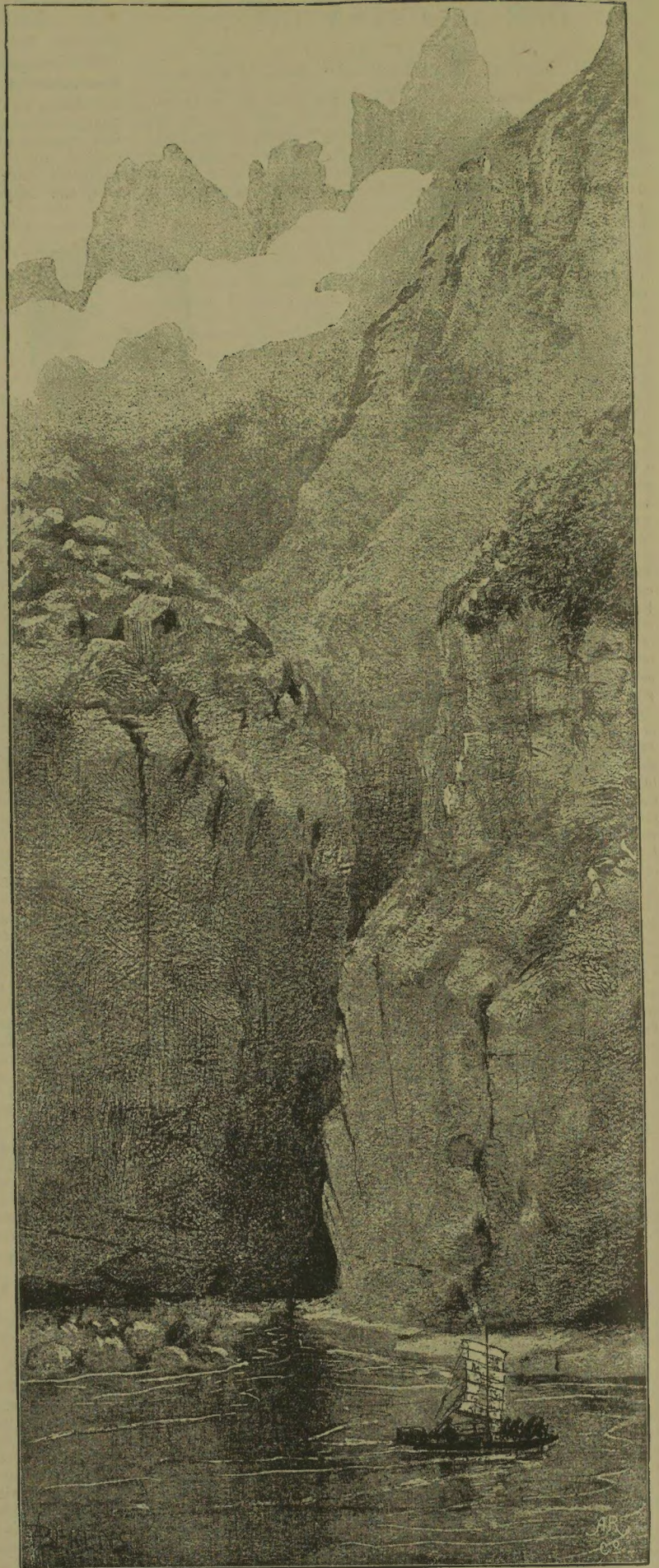


A CHINESE GIRL.

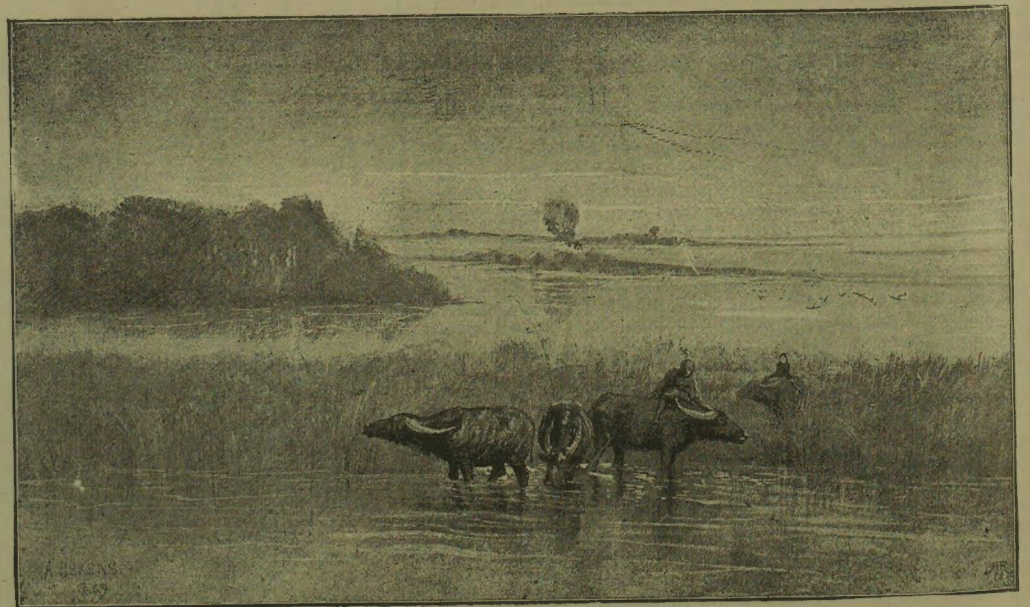
THE RECENT RIOTING IN CHINA.
SKETCHES ON THE YANG-TZSE-KIANG
BY MR. ALEC BERENS.



A STREET IN HANKOW.



CREEK IN THE LUKAN GORGE, UPPER YANG-TZSE-KIANG.



THE LOWER YANG-TZSE-KIANG.

MISS ADA REHAN.

Miss Ada Rehan, the representative *comédienne* of the American stage, whose Katherine in the "Taming of the Shrew," at the Gaiety Theatre in London, in 1888, was declared inimitable, and whose Rosalind in "As You Like It," two years later, eclipsed all previous conceptions of that character, has now once more brought her charming voice, her facile versatility, and her exceptional genius before a London audience, whose plaudits when she was last among us must be still ringing in her ears. Mr. Augustin Daly has again placed his brilliant company on the boards of the Lyceum Theatre, sacred to the impersonations of our own histrionic heroine, Ellen Terry. Miss Ada Rehan was born in Limerick little more than thirty years ago. However, it is to American education, commenced at a Brooklyn school when five years old, and to dramatic association with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, Mrs. Gilbert, and Augustin Daly, that we must perforce acknowledge that we are indebted for the finished actress now with us. The top of the ladder cannot be reached without scaling all its rungs. And the first of these is represented by Miss Rehan's initial attempt as Clara, in "Across the Continent," to fill an unexpected vacancy at Newark, in New Jersey, in 1873. Her first appearance, however, on the New York stage, was the playing of a small part with her brother-in-law, Mr. O. D. Byron, shortly afterwards, in "Thoroughbred" at Wood's Museum. For three years subsequently she was associated with the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia, which may be



MISS ADA REHAN.

considered her first regular début. After which engagements with Macaulay's company at Louisville, and with J. W. Albaugh's in Albany and Baltimore quickly followed, and, being devoted to Shakspeare, she cleverly played the characters of Ophelia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Celia, Olivia, and Lady Anne. Mr. Augustin Daly, who always keeps his eyes open for talent, noticed Miss Rehan appreciatively as Bianca in "Katherine and Petruchio" (Garrick's version of the "Taming of the Shrew"), and his decision was made when, two years later, she satisfied his critical taste while playing May Standish in his popular comedy of "Pique." The part of Big Clemence was entrusted to her in the same playwright's version of "L'Assommoir." From the time of the revival of the American manager's successful "Divorce," in which she played Miss Lu Ten Eyck, a part originally created by Miss Fanny Davenport, Miss Rehan has been leading lady in all Mr. Daly's productions. Mr. Daly brought his company in 1884 to Toole's Theatre, giving "The Casting of the Boomerang," the production of which created considerable adverse comment in the Press. On her second visit to England two years later, Miss Rehan awakened public attention by her part, although a small one, in "A Night Off," which was emphasised by her acting in "Nancy and Co." But the seal of public favour was indelibly stamped on her production of Katherine the Shrew on her third visit. It was said that a greater ovation could not have greeted her in any character until Miss Rehan portrayed "the perfect gipsy charm" conceived by Shakspeare as Rosalind.

MISS MILLWARD AS MARIE DELAUNAY.



IN THE FOC'SLE OF THE DAUNTLESS.

SCENE FROM "A SAILOR'S KNOT," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE: WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

SEE "THE PLAYHOUSES," BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

PERSONAL.

The death of Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, at the age of seventy-six, removes a gifted musician. Mr. Praeger was born in 1815 at Leipsic, his father being a well-known German violinist. His early lessons on the piano so attracted Hummel that he said to the father, "Send me that boy, and I will make a great pianist of him; his touch is something exceptional." He came to London in 1834, where he devoted himself mainly to the teaching of music. He composed sonatas, however, one of which was greatly praised by Moscheles. Many of his works have been performed in public, notably an overture given by the New Philharmonic Society, conducted by Berlioz, and a symphonic prelude to Byron's "Manfred," introduced to the public by Mr. Manns. In this connection it may be mentioned that Mr. Swinburne was so touched and affected on hearing privately some of the musician's settings to his songs that he gave him full permission to use anything he had written, and declared himself as feeling "honoured" in so doing. In addition to his own original work, Mr. Praeger's name is interestingly associated with his championship of Wagner. It was in the now defunct *English Gentleman* that he urged the claims of Wagner to the consideration of the musical world. He also wrote some interesting reminiscences of the great composer, entitled, "Wagner as I Knew Him," the manuscript of which is in the possession of the Earl of Desart, and will, it may be hoped, shortly be published.



THE LATE MR. FERDINAND PRAEGER.

Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., the president of the Labour Congress at Newcastle, is an admirable example of what a man can do, whatever his lack of opportunity, by dint of energy and perseverance. He is fifty-five years old, and until 1873 worked in the mines. He went in that year straight from coal-hewing to legislation, and by his ever-courteous manner and honesty of purpose has won the esteem of friends and opponents alike. His name is one to conjure with among the artisans of the North, for, despite the proverb, he is a prophet with honour in his own country. His strong Northumberland accent used to give trouble to the House of Commons reporters at first, though it is not so pronounced as that with which Mr. Joseph Cowen was in the habit of mystifying the House; but they soon discovered that there was generally something worth interpretation hidden under the dialect. Mr. Burt is probably the mildest-mannered man that ever held aggressive opinions. He is disposed to stand in the old ways of labour reform, and his conservatism is somewhat of a stumbling-block to the younger and more impetuous captains of the working-class army. His address at Newcastle counsels prudence where the younger heads want daring. But whatever the merits of the dispute, there is no question as to the weight which Mr. Burt carries in the councils of the trades unions. He is acutely sensible of the responsibilities of leadership, and his earnest deprecation of unnecessary strikes may be commended to people who think that all trades unionism is merely a firebrand of unreasoning discontent.

The Rev. Huyshe Wolcott Yeatman, Bishop-designate of Southwark, has been for some years one of the best-known and most active of South London clergy. He took his degree at Cambridge in 1867, and for some years worked quietly in a curacy at Salisbury. While there he won the confidence of Bishop Moberley, whose chaplain he became. His first incumbency was the vicarage of Hetherbury, Dorsetshire; but in 1879 he accepted from the late Earl of Dartmouth the family living of St. Bartholomew's, Sydenham. As secretary of the Rochester Diocesan Conference, Canon Yeatman showed the same tact and business-like qualities which distinguished his parochial work. Indeed, although a High Churchman, he has won the confidence and regard of all his brother clergy, whether High, Low, or Broad. Canon Yeatman is allied to the house of Dartmouth, for he married Lady Barbara Legge, and his appointment as Suffragan-Bishop for the diocese of Rochester has nowhere been received with more satisfaction than in the great parish of Lewisham, where it was once thought that he would succeed the Bishop-elect of Lichfield.

The public memory is short, and few people who have read Lord Grimthorpe's entertaining letters in the *Times* may remember him as Sir Edmund Becket, who was a redoubtable advocate at the Parliamentary Bar. In his forensic capacity

THE REV. HUYSHE WOLCOTT YEATMAN, Bishop-designate of Southwark.

able practical results, would alone be sufficient to entitle her to the gratitude of the agricultural community. She has also given most important information respecting the hop aphid, the turnip fly, the wire-worm, and has recently been engaged in the study of the diamond moth, which has attacked the turnip crops. Miss Ormerod has expended much time, labour, and money in issuing pamphlets and leaflets which have been of national benefit in indicating the best methods of dealing with these scourges. Her services have been recognised by many foreign Governments, who have awarded her gold medals for her disinterested labours. The misunderstanding in the unacknowledged use of her valuable work by the Board of Agriculture, which has led to her resignation, is, in the interest of practical science, greatly to be regretted. Miss Ormerod, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Ormerod, D.C.L., F.R.S., of Ledbury Park, Gloucestershire, has published "A Manual of Injurious Insects" and "A Guide to Insect Life," in addition to numerous small pamphlets and an admirable series of annual reports on practical entomology, in which department of science she may be regarded as the highest authority.

Sir Edmund was as grimly playful as the peer who has been belabouring Mr. William Tallack in the interests of capital punishment. Lord Grimthorpe is a pillar of Evangelicalism, and a sworn foe of all who take liberties with the ecclesiastical law. He is as deeply interested in fabrics as in rubrics, and the restoration of St. Albans Cathedral is a monument of his pacific moments. The bells of St. Albans ought to be beyond criticism, for Lord Grimthorpe is a great authority on bells, and years ago he carried on a fierce controversy about Big Ben, which he averred to be cracked.

It seems only the other day that Miss Méné Muriel Dowie stood attired in this Journal in all the piquancy of a mountaineering costume, of which the masculine cut was softened by a feminine charm. Since then the "Girl in the Karpathians" has changed her publisher, and passed into an entirely new edition, with a binding which Mr. Henry Norman and a registrar have designed between them. There is an agreeable flavour of the romantic third volume in a union which might be among the first on the list of a speculative man of sentiment who should set himself the task of marrying the most likely pairs in London society. Mr. Norman is a traveller, a man of action, and a brilliant journalist. He has been a master of elephants, he has coped with pirates, he has hobnobbed with Eastern potentates, he has discovered gold mines. His marriage with Miss Dowie is an ideal mating which might prompt even the Mahatmas of Tibet to "precipitate" letters of intelligible congratulation.

By the resignation of Mr. Redgrave, Chief Inspector of Factories, the country loses one of the most valuable of its public servants. Mr. Redgrave has been in the service of the Home Office since 1834. For fifty-seven years he has discharged duties of ever-increasing variety and complexity. His public life, indeed, covers the whole period of factory reform, and no man is better able to contrast the early experiences of this important branch of social administration with its latest developments. Mr. Redgrave represents the best type of the English official, as far removed from the pedantic bureaucrat on the one hand as from the meddlesome doctrinaire on the other.

Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod, who has lately resigned the office of Consulting Entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society, is a lady of independent means, who has devoted her life to the study of the injurious insects that destroy the crops of the agriculturist and horticulturist. It would not be easy to overrate the practical value of the good work this lady has accomplished. Her investigations into the natural history of the warble fly, that deposits its eggs in the skin of cattle, where the larvæ are hatched, and cause great suffering to the animal and injure most materially the value of the hide, followed, as they have been, by valuable practical results, would alone be sufficient to entitle her to the gratitude of the agricultural community. She has also given most important information respecting the hop aphid, the turnip fly, the wire-worm, and has recently been engaged in the study of the diamond moth, which has attacked the turnip crops. Miss Ormerod has expended much time, labour, and money in issuing pamphlets and leaflets which have been of national benefit in indicating the best methods of dealing with these scourges. Her services have been recognised by many foreign Governments, who have awarded her gold medals for her disinterested labours. The misunderstanding in the unacknowledged use of her valuable work by the Board of Agriculture, which has led to her resignation, is, in the interest of practical science, greatly to be regretted. Miss Ormerod, who is the youngest daughter of the late Mr. George Ormerod, D.C.L., F.R.S., of Ledbury Park, Gloucestershire, has published "A Manual of Injurious Insects" and "A Guide to Insect Life," in addition to numerous small pamphlets and an admirable series of annual reports on practical entomology, in which department of science she may be regarded as the highest authority.

MISS E. A. ORMEROD.

Public attention in France is fixed on General Gallifet at the present moment. He has, to a certain extent, taken the place of Boulanger. The French always like to have a military hero, and the redoubtable one-time chief in *l'Armée du Rhin* during the Franco-Prussian war seems to be in training for the post. The Marquis Alexandre de Gallifet was born in 1830, joined the Army at eighteen, and was made a general in 1870. Although an Imperialist by rank and inclination, he has known how to conciliate the present French Government, who feel they can count on him in any emergency. A familiar figure at most Parisian social functions, the General is tall, slight, and determined-looking. His grey moustache has become legendary, together with his reckless personal bravery. There is no stricter disciplinarian in the French Army. Cavalry is his forte, Socialism his pet aversion, and the great Marshal Saxe his hero.

For our Portrait of the Rev. H. W. Yeatman we are indebted to a photograph by J. Albert, of Munich; and for that of Miss Ormerod, to Maull and Fox, of 187a, Piccadilly.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The clouds which have been gathering in the East, and looked so threatening a short time ago, have not yet blown away. Some of the black spots to which attention was called in this column last week have, it is true, been removed, but other, and may be darker ones, still remain on the horizon. There is every evidence that for some time to come politicians will have to watch with great vigilance whatever happens in Constantinople and in the Balkans, for a most interesting political game is being played there by the Great Powers of Europe.

As great effects often result from comparatively insignificant causes, it is satisfactory to have to record that the Servians and Bulgarians are not going to cut each other's throats just now, an event which at one moment seemed possible, if not probable, and might in a very short time have set ablaze the whole of Europe. The Servians, who intended to mass 65,000 men on the Bulgarian frontier for the purpose of exercising them, have wisely taken the Sultan's advice, and declared their willingness not to hold the projected manoeuvres, provided the Bulgarians refrained, on their side, from mobilising three Army Corps. The Bulgarian Government gladly fell in with the Servian Cabinet's suggestion, and a serious element of danger has just been removed.

But the Dardanelles question is still exercising people's minds, although it has not quite the importance originally assigned to it. It is now known that Russia did not ask and obtain the right to sail her war-ships through the Straits. The exchange of views—used the semi-official term of the Turkish Government's *communiqué*—which has just taken place between Russia and the Porte had for its only object the prevention of misunderstandings about the passage through the Dardanelles of the steamers of the Russian Volunteer Fleet carrying on the trade between Odessa and Vladivostok. As these vessels sometimes convey convicts escorted by soldiers, and recruits going to Russian possessions in the far East, or time-expired men returning to Russia, it has been agreed that in future, when convicts under military guard or recruits are to pass the Straits on their way to the East, notice shall be given to the Porte, which will grant the necessary permission; in the case of time-expired men returning home to Russia without arms, the permit will be granted on the simple application of the commander of the vessel.

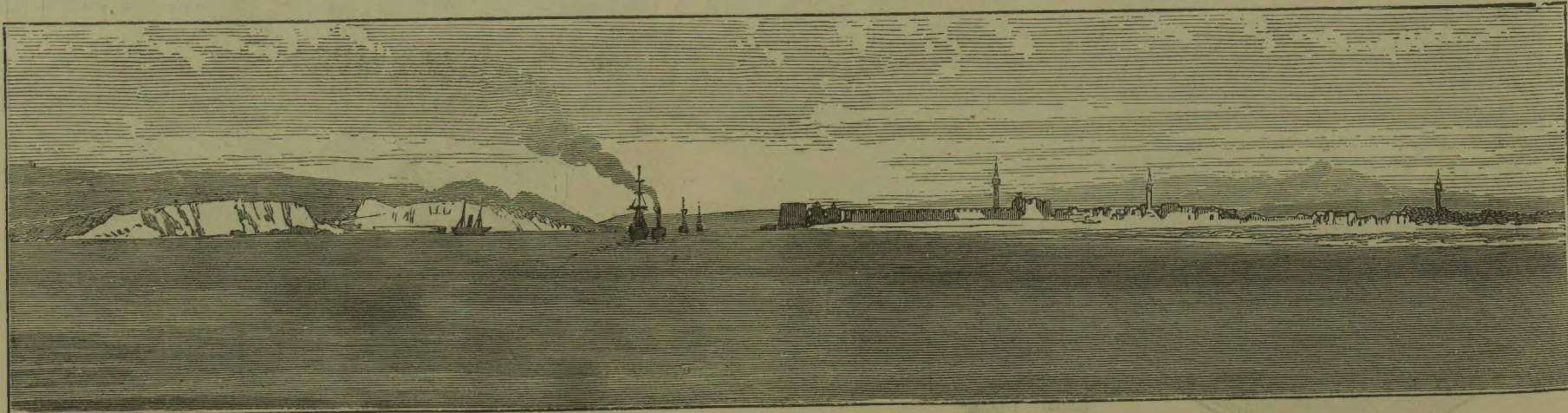
In Vienna and in Berlin the official version of the Russo-Turkish agreement with regard to the Dardanelles is considered satisfactory. It is argued that the new arrangement, as described in the *communiqué*, does not alter the *status quo*, and affords no grounds for the interference of the other Powers; and that as on several previous occasions, when ships of the Russian Volunteer Fleet have been detained, the European Powers have remained indifferent while Russia exacted an indemnity from the Porte, they cannot very well now, with any consistency, protest against the arrangement just concluded between Russia and Turkey.

No sooner, however, had this matter assumed a reassuring aspect, when an unexpected announcement created considerable sensation throughout Europe. On Friday, Sept. 4, it was known that, the day before, the Sultan had dismissed his Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, and appointed as his successor, Djavad Pasha, who for some time had held the post of Governor of Crete. Although a week has elapsed since this Ministerial change took place, it is still impossible to ascertain the true reasons which induced the Sultan to take such a decided step; the Hatt, or decree appointing the new Cabinet, simply stated that a change in the Ministry had become necessary, but what made the change imperative remains a mystery.

Various opinions have been expressed as to the probable cause of the dismissal of Kiamil Pasha, which has been ascribed to the increase of brigandage in Turkey, to the intrigues of an Arab sheik, to a recent mishap in the Sultan's palace, to the late Grand Vizier's Egyptian policy, and to his leaning towards the Powers forming the Triple Alliance.

From China confirmation has been received of the report that fresh anti-European riots had broken out, and that two sisters and a Belgian priest had been murdered at Ichang, on the Yang-tze-Kiang. Ichang being some 600 or 700 miles up the river, the situation of the European residents is a dangerous one, and, according to the latest information to hand, the Custom House officials there were preparing to defend the Sisters of Mercy who had escaped from the mob. The anti-foreign conspiracy will shortly compel the European Powers to take action; but the difficulty of the situation lies in the fact that the present disturbances are due both to a hatred of foreigners and to a feeling of hostility against the Imperial dynasty. So that should redress be obtained from or promised by the Imperial Government, the Chinese authorities, it would seem, would be unable to keep their promises and enforce obedience to their commands.

In Chile things are very quickly resuming a normal state. The Junta de Gobierno governs the country with ability, and has received congratulations from Peru and Brazil. The United States Government has instructed Mr. Egan to treat the Junta as the Government *de facto*, and this is a first step towards recognising it formally. The Junta has legalised the notes issued by Balmaceda, restored telegraphic communication with foreign countries, and removed the censorship on telegrams.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE DARDANELLES.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS.



TYPES OF BATAK-KARO MEN AND WOMEN.

The proceedings of this congress, begun at the Inner Temple Hall on Tuesday, Sept. 1, under the actual presidency—in the absence of Lord Dufferin—of the Rev. Dr. Charles Taylor, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, late Vice-Chancellor of that University, an eminent Hebrew and Arabic scholar, have been of discursive and varied interest. We can only refer here to the ethnographical contributions; of which the most striking, by the absolute novelty of its topic, and by the romantic aspect of life in a small nation hitherto undescribed by any former traveller, secluded in a mountain and forest stronghold of the interior of Sumatra, was communicated, in the French language, by M. Jules Claine, a member of the Société de Géographie de Paris. M. Jules Claine, a native of Champagne, thirty-five years of age, returned from Sumatra two months ago, having visited that distant island purely in quest of scientific knowledge, and is the only European who has ever penetrated its almost unknown interior to the land of the independent Batak-Karo tribes. He has brought home a collection not only of photographs taken by himself, but also many specimens of Batak-Karo weapons, utensils, ornaments, articles of dress and manuscript books, exhibited at the Examiners' Hall of the Law Society, in Carey Street, on Thursday, Sept. 3, where M. Claine delivered his oral discourse. The congress awarded to M. Claine the medal of honour and diploma of merit for scientific discovery. He has written for us the following narrative—

A VISIT TO THE INDEPENDENT BATAK-KARO TRIBES OF SUMATRA.

My attention had often been directed to the Bataks, the most interesting, apparently the most ancient, of the different races of people in the island of Sumatra. I resolved to penetrate their country as far as possible, to learn their manners and customs. Leaving Paris in May 1890, I arrived at Singapore after a month's voyage. I re-embarked at first for the southern coast of Sumatra, to visit the country of the Orang-Oeloe and the fertile plateau of Passumah. Having accomplished this expedition, I returned to Singapore, proceeded to Pulo-Penang, and thence to Deli, on the north-west coast of Sumatra, my starting-point to explore the Batak country. My first care at Deli was to communicate with the Dutch authorities. These gave me a very sympathetic reception, and aided me to the utmost of their power. I am particularly obliged to Colonel Van de Pol, and to Mr. Werstenbergh, Contrôleur of the Bataks under the Dutch protectorate. Their assistance was most valuable, and merits sincere gratitude on my part. Accompanying these gentlemen, who had to visit the Bataks within their jurisdiction, I went forward to the village of Djinkem, at the foot of the pass so named, which gives access to the table-land inhabited by the Batak-Karo independent tribes. I had to wait there several days for the return of the messengers sent by the Dutch Contrôleur to the chiefs of those tribes asking permission and protection for me to enter their country. Meantime we had some alarming news from the uplands—that a band of brigands, Acheenese and Gayioux, were attempting to force the pass on the opposite side of the Batak country, towards Lake Tobah, for plunder or conquest. The Acheen people, being inveterate enemies of the Dutch, would take vengeance on the Bataks for their friendly dealings with the Dutch, from whom they buy some firearms and ammunition. On the third day, however, a messenger brought us the sabre of the Batak chief of Bouloe-Hauwer, with a letter written on bamboo, giving me permission to enter, under the guidance of

a young chief sent down for this service—with some baggage-porters. Early next morning, with this escort and an interpreter, I started up the mountain pass.

The ascent was very toilsome and difficult; the steep path is encumbered with huge rocks in some places, with dense forest and trees of immense size, whose intertwined roots, as well as the tangled climbing-plants, were a troublesome impediment; and with pools of pestilential water. We were all much fatigued before gaining, in six hours, the summit of the pass; but the descent beyond was a dangerous labyrinth of narrow passages, the huge trees often standing so close together that a corpulent man could hardly squeeze his body through between them. The chief who was my guide showed me the place where the Bataks would form an ambush to stop an enemy, and where, he said, more than a hundred and fifty men had been killed at once. I felt that I should have little chance of escaping it alive. The descent occupied two hours; then the jungle was succeeded by a more open forest, and soon I was on the wide plateau which I so much desired to reach.

I saw before me a great plain surrounded by high mountains, its best fortifications, to the right hand, to the left, and in front, with towering summits, including those of the volcanoes Pisch-Pisoch, Sing-yelang, and others, guarding a land never before trodden by the foot of any European traveller. It was studded with numerous groves of trees, among which the Batak villages lay hidden in their foliage. We halted in a sheltered spot while our leader, the chief of the

"kampong" of Djawa, went forward to ask leave for us to advance. The approach to one of these villages is even more difficult than traversing the mountain pass. Each village is built on a small island formed by the different channels of a deep river, now partially dry, leaving precipitous banks which defend the place like a moat; it can be entered only by winding artificial paths, often by dark tunnels, and by a labyrinth of stockaded passages, with gates, and with chevaux-de-frise of sharpened bamboo points. But at last I got inside the "kampong," and was surrounded by the whole population, eager to see the stranger. Mats were spread on the ground, and a sort of rude arm-chair was placed for my seat, while the natives squatted on the mats. The chief bade me welcome, and I felt quite at ease with my Batak hosts.

I stayed until the Sibrayac, the great ruling chief of the country, should allow me to go farther. He came in person, undertaking to conduct me to his own "kampong," situated at the other extremity of the plateau, near Lake Tobah. In every village I was well treated, but many Bataks seemed distrustful of me. I was discreet and circumspect, while guarding against

a sudden attack; wherever I slept my loaded weapons lay beside me, and the house was always guarded by chiefs with muskets in their hands. So I arrived at Sibraya, the capital, head village, or town, with a population of about 7000, the residence of the Sibrayac, or grand chief. Here I made a complete study of the Batak-Karo nation.

This town of Sibraya is divided into several "kampongs," separated by bamboo palisades, and ruled by their respective chiefs. The houses, built on piles, are of squared timber, with sloping walls externally, about 6 ft. high, but with very lofty graduated roofs, conical in the centre, or a steeple terminating with the rudely carved head of an animal; sculptured forms of this kind may ornament the angles on the outer walls. In front of the house is a raised platform with a staircase of bamboo. The interior is one large room, with a solid plank ceiling, and with a trench along the middle of the floor, serving for a passage from end to end. This abode is occupied by the family patriarch, with his married sons and daughters and their children, each branch of the family having its allotted place. They pass much of the day on the outer terrace or platform, and occasionally sleep there at night. A dozen married couples with their offspring, or nearly a hundred persons, may inhabit one such dwelling. Granaries, or store-bins of rice, either square or cylindrical, are placed here and there. No theft is feared, and there is apparently no poverty. The numerous household is under patriarchal rule. Unmarried young men live together in a large house, sometimes of two storeys, which is set apart for them. Polygamy is not usual, but there are frequent instances. Wives have tolerable liberty, and girls are married only by their own consent.



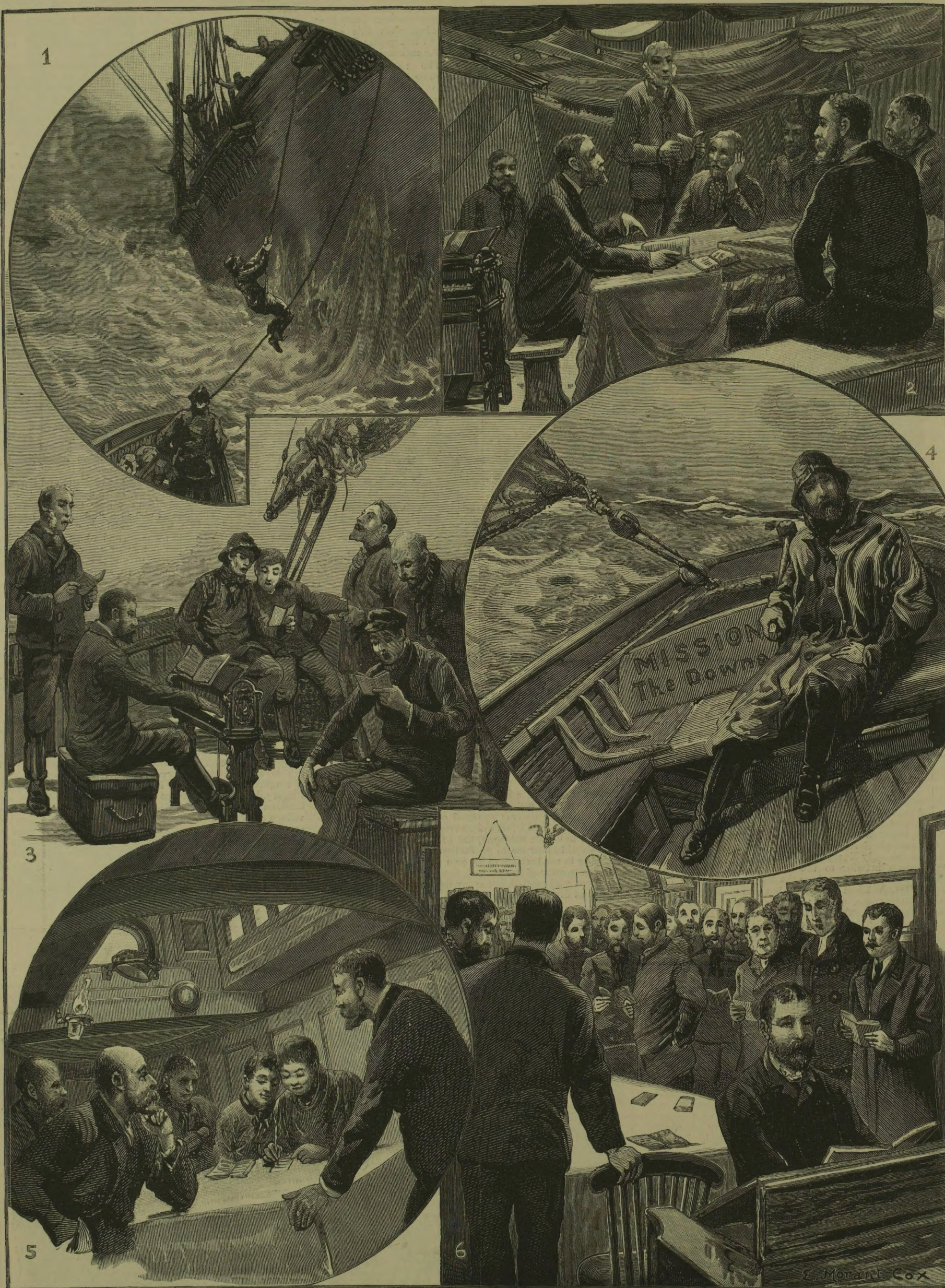
M. JULES CLAINE.

The people of this race are of good stature and shape, with clear brown skins, long black hair, dark eyes, prominent cheek-bones, and the nose often aquiline—on the whole, agreeable in visage. The man's dress is a "kaïn," or skirt, of dark blue, fastened by a belt, a small waistcoat with tight sleeves, a blue shawl, and a turban; a sabre and a knife are stuck in his belt. Married women do not cover their bosoms; girls or unmarried women do, and are distinguished also by wearing a collar of gold and silver, which they give up when married. The women's silver ear-ornaments are of amazing size, formed like a double Ionic volute with spiral shafts, quite six inches long, and two or three inches wide at the top, weighing nearly two pounds. The Batak-Karos are skilful in metal-working, and make good steel of their iron, for swords, lances, and knives, besides jewellery of gold and silver.

The political constitution of the Batak-Karos is republican, inasmuch as the heads of families elect the village chief, and the village chiefs elect the Sibrayac, or grand chief ruling the nation, which numbers over twenty thousand souls, on this tract of table-land. Crime is rare among them, and the penalty of death is not inflicted. Their religion appears to be only a vague belief in the immortality of the soul; they have no priesthood, but small wooden figures, as a man on horseback, for idols. Funerals are conducted by placing the corpse aloft on a decorated bier with a canopy, and leaving it to become a skeleton, after which the skull is preserved in a coffin; the lips are in some cases preserved to be made into bracelets, as a magical charm potent in warfare. The Batak-Karos are literary, having manuscript books written on bamboo, or on bark, on sheep's shoulder-blades, and on other materials. Every village chief writes a chronicle or record of important social events, which is transmitted to his successor. Wars and epidemic diseases naturally find large place in this local history. I was presented with an ancient book, which I have brought to Europe, containing an account of some plague, and this book is illustrated by very curious drawings, which seem to show that the Batak physicians, two centuries ago, had anticipated the modern theory of germs and bacilli.



A BATAK-KARO VILLAGE.



1. Chaplain of the Downs boarding a vessel in bad weather.
2. Holding service in a Goodwins Light-ship.

3. Service on deck.
4. The Chaplain going his rounds.

5. Taking the Temperance pledge at sea.
6. Mission service on shore.

THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN: WORK IN THE DOWNS.



"Set the man on an ass, and let the girl walk barefoot before him; and let a crier cry beside them. . . . Thus let them pass through the streets and through the people."

THE SCAPEGOAT: A ROMANCE.

BY HALL CAINE,

AUTHOR OF "THE BONDMAN" AND "THE DEEMSTER."

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THE LIGHT-BORN MESSENGER.

"Basha," said Israel—he spoke slowly and quietly but with forced calmness—"Basha, you must seek another hand for work like that—this hand of mine shall never seal that warrant."

"Tut, man!" whispered Benaboo. "Do your new measles break out everywhere? Am I not Kaid? Can I not make you my Khalifa?"

Israel's face was worn and ashy, but his eye burned with the fire of his great resolve.

"Basha," he said again, calmly and quietly, "if you were Sultan and could make me your Vizier, I would not do it."

"Why?" cried Benaboo. "Why? why?"

"Because," said Israel, "I am here to deliver up your seal to you."

"You? Grace of God!" cried Benaboo.

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"I am here," continued Israel, as calmly as before, "to resign my office."

"Resign your office? Deliver up your seal?" cried Benaboo. "Man, man, are you mad?"

"No, Basha, not to-day," said Israel, quietly. "I must have been that when I came here first, five-and-twenty years ago."

Benaboo had gnawed his lip and scowled darkly, and in the flush of his anger, his consternation being over, he would have fallen upon Israel with torrents of abuse, but that he was smitten suddenly by a new and terrible thought. Quivering and trembling, and muttering short prayers under his breath, he recoiled from the place where Israel stood, and said, "There is something under all this? What is it? Let me think! Let me think!"

Meantime the face of Katharine beneath its covering of paint had grown white, and in scarcely smothered tones of wrath, by the swift instinct of a suspicious nature, she was asking herself the same question, "What does it mean? What does it mean?"

In another moment Benaboo had read the riddle his own way. "Wait!" he cried, looking vainly for help and answer into the faces of his people about him. "Who said that when he was away from Tetuan he went to Fez? The Sultan was

there then. He had just come up from Soos. That's it! I knew it! The man is like all the rest of them. Abderrahman has bought him. Allah! Allah! What have I done that every soul that eats my bread should spy and pry on me?"

Satisfied with this explanation of Israel's conduct, Benaboo waited for no further assurance, but fell to a wild outburst of mingled prayers and protests. "O Giver of Good to all! O Creator! It is Abderrahman again! Yá Allah! Allah! Or else his rapacious satellites—his thieves, his robbers, his cut-throats! That bloated Vizier! That leprous Naib el Sultan! Oh, I know them. Bismillah! Bismillah! They want to fleece me. They want to squeeze me of my little wealth—my just savings—my hard earnings after my long service. Curse them! curse their relations! O Merciful! O Compassionate! They'll call it arrears of taxes. But no, by the beard of my father, no! Not one fella shall they have if I die for it. I'm an old soldier—they shall torture me. Yes, the bastinado, the jellab—but I'll stand firm! Allah! Allah! Bismillah! Why does Abderrahman hate me? It's because I'm his brother—that's it, that's it! But I've never risen against him. Never, never! I've paid him all! All! I tell you I've paid everything. I've got nothing left. You know it yourself, Israel, you know it."

Thus in the crawling of his fear he cried with maudlin tears, pleaded and entreated and threatened, fumbling meantime the beads of his rosary and tramping nervously to and fro about the patio until he drew up at length, with a supplicating look, face to face with Israel. And if anything had been needed to fix Israel to his purpose of withdrawing for ever from the service of Benaboo, he must have found it in this pitiful spectacle of the Kaid's abject terror, his quick suspicion, his base disloyalty, and rancorous hatred of his own master, the Sultan.

But, struggling to suppress his contempt, Israel said, speaking as slowly and calmly as at first, "Basha, have no fear; I have not sold myself to Abderrahman. It is true that I was at Fez—but not to see the Sultan. I have never seen him. I am not his spy. He knows nothing of me. I know nothing of him, and what I am doing now is being done for myself alone."

Hearing this and believing it, for liars and prevaricators as were the other men about him, Israel had never yet deceived him, Benaboo made what poor shift he could to cover his shame at the sorry weakness he had just betrayed. And first he gazed in a sort of stupor into Israel's steadfast face; and then he dropped his evil eyes, and laughed in scorn of his own words, as if trying to carry them off by a silly show of braggadocio, and to make believe that they had been no more than a humorous pretence, and that no man would be so simple as to think he had truly meant them. But, after this mockery, he turned to Israel again, and, being relieved of his fears, he fell back to his savage mood once more, without disguise and without shame.

"And pray, Sir," said he, with a ghostly smile, "what riches have you gathered that you are at last content to hoard no more?"

"None," said Israel, shortly.

Benaboo laughed lustily, and exchanged looks of obvious meaning with Katharine.

"And pray, again," he said, with a curl of the lip, "without office and without riches how may you hope to live?"

"As a poor man among poor men," said Israel, "serving God and trusting to His mercy."

Again Benaboo laughed hoarsely, and Katharine joined him, but Israel stood quiet and silent, and gave no sign.

"Serving God is hard bread," said Benaboo.

"Serving the devil is crust!" said Israel.

At that answer, though neither by look nor gesture had Israel pointed it, the face of Benaboo became suddenly discoloured and stern.

"Allah! What do you mean?" he cried. "Who are you that you dare wag your insolent tongue at me?"

"I am your scapegoat, Basha," said Israel, with an awful calm—"your scapegoat who bears your iniquities before the eyes of your people. Your scapegoat, who sins against them and oppresses them, and brings them by bitter tortures to the dust and death. That's what I am, Basha, and long have been, shame upon me! And while I am down yonder in the streets among your people—hated, reviled, despised, spat upon, cut off—you are up here in the Kasba above them, in honour and comfort and wealth, and the mistaken love of all men."

While Israel said this, Benaboo in his fury came down upon him from the opposite side of the patio with a look of a beast of prey. His swarthy cheeks were drawn hard, his little bearded eyes flashed, his heavy nose and thick lips and massive jaw quivered visibly, and from under his turban two locks of iron-grey fell like a shaggy mane over his ears.

But Israel did not flinch. With a look of quiet majesty, standing face to face with the tyrant, not a foot's length between them, he spoke again and said, "Basha, I do not envy you, but neither will I share your business nor your rewards. I mean to be your scapegoat no more. Here is your seal. It is red with the blood of your unhappy people through these five-and-twenty bad years past. I can carry it no longer. Take it!"

In a tempest of wrath Benaboo struck the seal out of Israel's hand as he offered it, and the silver rolled and rang on the tiled pavement of the patio.

"Fool!" he cried. "So this is what it is! Allah! In the name of the most merciful God, who would have believed it? Israel ben Olliel a prophet! A prophet of the poor! Bismillah! O Merciful! O Compassionate!"

Thus in his frenzy pretending to imitate with airs of manifest mockery his outbreak of fear a few minutes before, Benaboo raved and raged and lifted his clenched fist to the sky in sham imprecation of God.

"Who said it was the Sultan?" he cried again. "He was a fool. Abderrahman? No; but Mohammed of Mequinez! Mohammed the Third! That's it! That's it!"

So saying, and forgetting in his fury what he had said before of Mohammed himself, he laughed wildly, and beat about the patio from side to side like a caged and angry beast.

"And if I am a tyrant," he said in a thick voice, "who made me so? If I oppress the poor, who taught me the way to do it? Whose clever brain devised new means of revenue? Ransoms, promissory notes, bonds, false judgments—what did I know of such things? Who changed the silver dollars at nine ducats a-piece? And who bought up the debts of the people that murmured against such robbery? Allah! Allah! Whose crafty head did all this? Why, yours—yours—Israel ben Olliel! By the beard of the Prophet, I swear it!"

Israel stood unmoved, and when these reproaches were hurled at him, he answered calmly and sadly, "God's ways are not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts. He works His own will, and we are but His ministers. I thought God's justice had failed, but it has overtaken myself. For what I did long ago of my own free will and intention to oppress the poor, I have suffered and still am suffering."

All this time the Spanish wife of Benaboo had sat in the alcove with whitening lips under their crimson patches of paint, beating her fan restlessly on the empty air, and breathing rapid and audible breath. And now, at this last word of Israel, though so sadly spoken, and so solemn in its note of suffering, she broke into a trill of laughter, and said lightly, "Ah! I thought your love of the poor was young. Not yet cut its teeth, poor thing! A babe in swaddling clothes, eh? When was it born?"

"About the time that you were, Madam," said Israel, lifting his heavy eyes upon her.

At that her lighter mood gave place to quick anger. "Husband," she cried, turning upon Benaboo with the bitterness of reproach, "I hope you now see that I was right about this insolent old man. I told you from the first what would come of him. But no, you would have your own foolish way. It was easy to see that the devil's dues were in him. Yet you would not believe me! You would believe him! Simpleton, as you are, you are believing him now! The poor? Fiddle-faddle and fiddleticks! I tell you again this man is trying to put his foot on your neck. How? Oh, trust him, he's got his own schemes! Look to it, El Arby, look to it! He'll be master in Tetuan yet!"

Saying this, she had wrought herself up to a pitch of wrath, sometimes laughing wildly, and then speaking in a voice that was like an angry cry. And now, rising to her feet and facing

towards the Arab soldiers who stood aside in silence and wonder, she cried, "Arabs, Berbers, Moors, Christians, fight as you will, follow the Basha as you may, you'll lie in the same bed yet! But where? Under the heels of the Jew!"

A hoarse murmur ran from lip to lip among the men, and the ghostly smile came back into the face of Benaboo.

"You must be right," he said, "you must be right! Ya Allah! Ya Allah! This is the dog that I picked out of the mire. I found him a beggar, and I gave him wealth. An impostor, a personator, a cheat, and I gave him place and rank. When he had no home, I housed him, and when he could find no one to serve him, I gave him slaves. I have banished his enemies, and imprisoned those he hated. After his wife had died, and none came near him and he was left to howl out her grave with his own hands, I gave him prisoners to bury her, and when he was done with them I set them free. All these years I have heaped fortune upon him. Ya Allah! Allah! His master! No, but his servant, doing his will at the lifting of his finger. And all for what? For this! For this! For this! Ingrate!" he cried in his thick voice, turning hotly upon Israel again, "if you must give up your seal, why should you do it like a fool? Could you not come to me and say, 'Kaid, I am old and weary, I am rich and have enough; I have served you long and faithfully; let me rest'—why not? I say, why not?"

Israel answered calmly, "Because it would have been a lie, Basha."

"So it would," cried Benaboo, sharply, "so it would: you are right—it would have been a lie, an accursed lie! But why must you come to me and say, 'Basha, you are a tyrant, and have made me a tyrant also; you have sucked the blood of your people and made me to drink it'?"

"Because it is true, Basha," said Israel.

At that Benaboo stopped suddenly, and his swarthy face grew hideous and awful. Then, pointing with one shaking hand at the farther end of the patio, he said, "There is another thing that is true. It is true that on the other side of that wall there is a prison," and, lifting his voice to a shriek, he added, "you are on the edge of a gulf, Israel ben Olliel. One step more!"

But just at that moment Israel turned full upon him, face to face, and the threat that he was about to utter seemed to die in his stifling throat. If only he could have provoked Israel to anger he might have had his will of him. But that slow, impassive manner, and that worn countenance so noble in sadness and suffering, was like a rebuke of his passion, and a retort upon his words.

And truly it seemed to Israel that against the Basha's story of his ingratitude he could tell a different tale. This pitiful slave of rage and fear, this thing of rags and patches, this whining, maudlin, shrieking, bleating, barking creature that hurled reproaches at him, was the master in whose service he had spent his best brain and best blood. But for the strong hand that he had lent him, but for the cool head wherewith he had guarded him, where would the man be now? In the dungeons of Abderrahman, having gone thither by way of the Sultan's wooden jellabs and his houses of fiercer torture. By the mind's eye Israel could see him there at that instant—sightless, eyeless, hungry, gaunt. But no, he was still here—fat, sleek, voluptuous, imperious. And good men lay perishing in his prisons, and children, starved to death, lay empty in their graves, and he himself, his servant and scapegoat, whose brains he had drained, whose blood he had sweated, stood before him then like an old lion, who had been wandering far and was beaten back by her cubs.

But what matter? He could silence the Basha with a word; yet why should he speak it? Twenty times he had saved this man, who could neither read nor write nor reckon figures, from the threatened penalties of the Shereefan Court, and he would count them all up to him; yet why should he do so? Through five-and-twenty evil years he had built up this man's house, yet why should he boast of what was done, being done so foully? He had said his say, and it was enough. This hour of insult and outrage had been written on his forehead, and he must have come to it. Then, courage! courage!

"Husband," cried the woman, showing her toothless jaw in a bitter smile to Benaboo as he crossed the patio, "you must scour this vermin out of Tetuan."

"You are right," he answered. "By Allah, you are right! And henceforward I will be served by soldiers, not by scribblers."

Then, wheeling about once more to where Israel stood, he said in a voice of mockery, "Master, my Lord, my Sultan, you come to resign your office? But you shall do more than that. You shall resign your house as well, and all that's in it, and leave this town as a beggar."

Israel stood unmoved. "As you will," he said quietly.

"Where are the two women—the slaves?" asked Benaboo.

"At home," said Israel.

"They are mine, and I take them back," said Benaboo.

Israel's face quivered, and he seemed to be about to protest, but he only drew a longer breath, and said again: "As you will, Basha."

Benaboo's voice gathered vehemence at every fresh question. "Where is your money?" he cried; "the money that you have made out of my service—out of me—my money—where is it?"

"Nowhere," said Israel.

"It's a lie—another lie!" cried Benaboo. "Oh, yes, I've heard of your charities, master. They were meant to buy over my people, were they? Were they? Were they, I ask?"

"So you say, Basha," said Israel.

"So I know!" cried Benaboo; "but all you had is not gone that way. You're a fool, but not fool enough for that! Give up your keys—the keys of your house!"

Israel hesitated, and then said: "Let me return for a minute—it is all I ask."

At that the woman laughed hysterically. "Ah! he has something left after all!" she cried.

Israel turned his slow eyes upon her, and said: "Yes, Madam, I have something left—after all."

Paying no heed to the reply, Katharine cried to Benaboo again, saying: "El Arby, make him give up the key of that house. He has treasure there!"

"It is true, Madam," said Israel, "it is true that I have a treasure there. My daughter—my little blind Naomi."

"Is that all?" cried Katharine and Benaboo together.

"It is all," said Israel, "but it is enough. Let me fetch her."

"Don't allow it!" cried Katharine.

Israel's face betrayed feeling. He was struggling to suppress it. "Make me homeless if you will," he said, "turn me like a beggar out of your town, but let me fetch my daughter."

"She'll not thank you," cried Katharine.

"She loves me," said Israel. "I am growing old, I am numbering the steps of death. I want her joyous young life beside me in my declining age. Then, she is helpless, she is blind, she is my scapegoat, Basha, as I am yours, and no one save her father!"

"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

Israel had spoken warmly, and at the tender fibres of feeling that had been forced out of him at last the woman was laughing derisively. "Trust me," she cried, "I know what daughters are. Girls like better things. No, I'll give her what will be more to her taste. She shall stay here with me."

Israel drew himself up to his full height and answered, "Madam, I would rather see her dead at my feet."

Then Benaboo broke in and said, "Don't wag your tongue at your mistress, Sir."

"Your mistress, Basha," said Israel, "not mine."

At that word Katharine, with all her evil face aflame, came sweeping down upon Israel, and struck him with her fan on the forehead. He did not flinch or speak. The blow had burst the skin, and a drop of blood trickled over the temple on to the cheek. There was a short deep pause.

Then the hard tension of silence was broken by a faint cry. It came from behind, from the doorway; it was the voice of a girl.

In the blank stupor of the moment, every eye being on the two that stood in the midst, no one had observed until then that another had entered the patio. It was Naomi. How long she had been there no one knew, and how she had come unnoticed through the corridors out of the streets scarce anyone—even when time sufficed to arrange the scattered thoughts of the Makhazni, the guard at the gate—could clearly tell. She stood under the arch, with one hand at her breast, which heaved visibly with emotion, and the other hand stretched out to touch the open iron-clamped door, as if for help and guidance. Her head was held up, her lips were apart, and her motionless blind eyes seemed to stare wildly. She had heard the hot words. She had heard the sound of the blow that followed them. Her father was smitten! Her father! Her father! It was then that she uttered the cry. All eyes turned to her.

Quaking, reeling, almost falling, she came tottering down the patio. Soul and sense seemed to be struggling together in her blind face. What did it all mean? What was happening? Her fixed eyes stared as if they must burst the bonds that bound them, and look, and see, and know!

At that moment God wrought a mighty work, a wondrous change, such as He has brought to pass but twice or thrice since men were born blind into His world of light. In an instant, at a thought, by one spontaneous flash, as if the spirit of the girl tore down the dark curtains which had hung seven-teen years over the windows of her eyes, Naomi saw!

They all knew it instantly. It seemed to them as if every feature of the girl's face had leapt into her eyes; as if the expression of her lips, her brow, her nostrils, had sprung to them; as if her face, so fair before, so full of quivering feeling, must have been nothing until then but a blank. Nay, but they seemed to see her now for the first time. This, only this, was she!

And to Naomi also, at that moment, it was almost as if she had been newly born into life. She was meeting the world at last, face to face, eye to eye. Into her darkened chamber, that had never known the light, everything had entered at a blow—the white glare of the sun, the blue sky, the tiled patio, the faces of the Kaid and his wife and his soldiers, and of the old man also, with the unshed tears hanging on the fringe of his eyelid. She could not realise the marvel. She did not know what vision was. She had not learned to see. Her trembling soul had gone out from its dark chamber and met the mighty light in his mansion. "Oh! oh!" she cried, and stood bewildered and helpless in the midst. The picture of the world seemed to be falling upon her, and she covered her eyes with her hands, that she might abolish it altogether.

Israel saw everything. "Naomi!" he cried in a choking voice, and stretched out his hands to her. Then she uncovered her eyes, and looked and paused and hesitated.

"Naomi!" he cried again, and made a step towards her. She covered her eyes once more, that she might shut out the stranger they showed her, and only listen to the voice that she knew so well. Then she staggered into her father's arms. And Israel's heart was big, and he gathered her to his breast, and, turning towards the woman, he said: "Madam, we are in the hands of God. Look! See! He has sent His angel to protect His servant."

Meantime, Benaboo was quaking with fear. He too saw the finger of God in the wondrous thing which had come to pass. And, falling back on his maudlin mood, he muttered prayers beneath his breath, as he had done before, when the human majesty, the Sultan Abderrahman, was the object of his terror. "O Giver of good to all! What is this! Allah save us! Bismillah! Is it Allah or the Jinoo? Merciful! Compassionate! Curses on them both! Allah! Allah!"

The soldiers were affected by the fears of the Basha, and they huddled together in a group. But Katharine fell to laughing.

"Brava!" she cried. "Brava! Oh! a brave imposture! What did I say long ago? Blind? No more blind than you were! But a pretty pretence! Well acted! Very well acted! Brava! Brava!"

Thus she laughed and mocked, and the Basha, hearing her, took shame of his crawling fears, and made a poor show of joining her.

Israel heard them, and for a moment, seeing how they made sport of Naomi, a fire was kindled in his anger that seemed to come up from the lowest hell. But he fought back the passion that was mastering him, and at the next instant the laughter had ceased, and Benaboo was saying—

"Guards, take both of them! Set the man on an ass, and let the girl walk barefoot before him; and let a crier cry beside them, 'So shall it be done to every man who is an enemy of the Kaid, and to every woman who is a play-actor and a cheat!' Thus let them pass through the streets and through the people until they are come to a gate of the town, and then cast them forth from it like lepers and like dogs!"

CHAPTER XIX.

OF THE RAINBOW SIGN.

While this bad work had been going forward in the Kasba, a great blessing had fallen on the town. The long-looked for, hoped for, prayed for—the good and blessed rain—had come at last. In gentle drops like dew it had first been falling from the rack of dark cloud which had gathered over the heads of the mountains, and now, after half an hour of such moisture, the sky over the town was grey, and the rain was pouring down like a flood.

Oh! the joy of it, the sweetness, the freshness, the beauty, the odour! The air overhead, which had been dense with dust, was clearing and whitening as if the water washed it. And the ground underfoot, which had reeked of creeping and crawling things, was running like a wholesome river, and bearing back to the lips a taste as of the sea.

And the people of the town, in their surprise and gladness at the falling of the rain, had come out of their houses to meet it. The streets and the market-place were full of them. In childish joy they wandered up and down in the drenching flood, without fear or thought of harm, with laughing eyes and gleaming white teeth, holding out their palms to the rain

and drinking it. Hailing each other in the voices of boys, jesting and shouting and singing, to and fro they went and came, without aim or direction. The Jews trooped out of the Mellah, chattering like jays, and the Moors, at the gate, salaamed to them. Mule-drivers cried "Bálak!" in tones that seemed to sing; gunsmiths and saddle-makers sat idle at their doors, greeting everyone that passed; solemn talebs stood in knots, with faces that shone under the closed hoods of their dark jellabs; and the bareheaded Berbers encamped in the market-square capered about like flighty children, grinning like apes, fired their long guns into the air for love of hearing the powder speak, often wept, and sometimes embraced each other, thinking of their homes that were far away.

Now, it was just when the town was alive with this strange scene that the procession which had been ordered by Benaboo came out from the Kasba. At the head of it walked a soldier, staff in hand and gorgeous—notwithstanding the rain—in peaked shashceah and crimson soolham. Behind him were four black police, and on either side of the company were two criers of the streets, each carrying a short staff festooned with strings of copper coins, which he rattled in the air as for a bell. Between these came the victims of the Basha's order—Naomi first, barefooted, bareheaded, stripped of all but the last garment that hid her nakedness, her head held down, her face half hidden, and her eyes closed—and Israel afterwards, mounted on a lean and ragged ass. A further guard of black police walked at the back of all. Thus they came down the steep arcades into the market square, where the greater body of the townspeople had gathered together.

When the people saw them, they made for them, hastening in crowds from every side of the feddan, every adjacent alley, every shop, tent, and booth. And when they saw who the prisoners were they burst into loud exclamations of surprise.

"Yá Allah! Israel the Jew!" cried the Moors.

"God of David save us! Israel ben Olliel!" cried the people of the Mellah.

"What is it? What has happened? What has befallen them?" they all asked together.

"Bálak!" cried the soldier in front, swinging his staff before him to force a passage through the thronging multitude. "Attention! By your leave! Away! Out of the way!"

And as they walked the criers chanted, "So shall it be done to every man who is an enemy of the Kaid, and to every woman who is a play-actor and a cheat."

When the people had recovered from their consternation they began to look black into each other's face, to mutter oaths between their teeth, and to say in voices of no pity or ruth, "He deserved it!" "Yá Allah, but he's well served!"

"Holy Saints, we knew what it would come to!" "Look at him now!" "There he is at last!" "Brave end to all his great doings!" "Curse him! Curse him!"

And over the muttered oaths and pitiless curses, the yelping and barking of the cruel voices of the crowd, as the procession moved along, came still the cry of the crier, "So shall it be done to every man who is an enemy of the Kaid, and to every woman who is a play-actor and a cheat."

Then the mood of the multitude changed. The people began to titter, and after that to laugh openly. They wagged their heads at Israel; they derided him; they made merry over his sorry plight. Where he was now he seemed to be not so much a fallen tyrant as a silly sham and an imposture. Look at him! Look at his bony and ragged ass! Yá Allah! To think that they had ever been afraid of him!

As the procession crossed the market-place, a woman who was enveloped in a blanket spat at Israel as he passed. When it was come to the door of the mosque, an old man, a beggar, hobbled through the crowd and struck Israel with the back of his hand across the face. The woman had lost her husband and the man his son by death sentences of Benaboo. Israel had succoured both when he went about on his secret excursions after nightfall in the disguise of a Moor.

"Bálak! Bálak!" cried the soldier in front, and still the chant of the crier rang out over all other noises.

At every step the throng increased. The strong and lusty bore down the weak in the struggle to get near to the procession. Blind beggars and feeble cripples who could not see or stir shouted hideous oaths at Israel from the back of the crowd.

As the procession went past the gates of the Mellah, two companies came out into the town. The one was a company of soldiers returning to the Kasba after sacking and wrecking Israel's house; the other was a company of old Jews, among whom were Reuben Maliki, Abraham Pigman, and Judah ben Lolo. At the advent of the three usurers a new impulse seized the people. They pretended to take the procession for a triumphal progress—the departure of a Kaid, a Shereef, a Sultan. The soldier and police fell into the humour of the multitude. Salaams were made to Israel; soolhams were flung on the ground before the feet of Naomi. Reuben Maliki pushed through the crowd, and walked backward, and cried, in his harsh, nasal croak—

"Brothers of Tetuan, behold your benefactor! Make way for him! Make way! Make way!"

Then there were loud guffaws, and oaths, and cries like the cry of the hyena. Last of all, old Abraham Pigman handed over the people's heads a huge green Spanish umbrella to a negro farrier that walked within; and the black fellow, showing his white teeth in a wide grin, held it over Israel's head.

Then from fifty rasping throats came mocking cries.

"God bless our Lord!"

"Saviour of his people!"

"Benefactor! King of men!"

And over and between these cries came shrieks and yells of laughter.

All this time Israel had sat motionless on his ass, neither showing humiliation nor fear. His face was worn and ashy, but his eyes burned with a piteous fire. He looked up and saw everything: saw himself mocked by the soldier and the crier, insulted by the Moslemeen, derided by the Jews, spat upon and smitten by the people whose hungry mouths he had fed with bread. Above all, he saw Naomi going before him in her shame, and at that sight his heart bled and his spirit burned. And, thinking that it was he who had brought her to this ignominy, he sometimes yearned to reach her side and whisper in her ear, and say, "Forgive me, my child, forgive me." But again he conquered the desire, for he remembered what God had that day done for her; and taking it for a sign of God's pleasure, and a warranty that he had done well, he raised his eyes on her with tears of bitter joy, and thought, in the wild fever of his soul, "She is sharing the triumph of my humiliation. She is walking through the mocking and jeering crowd, but see! God himself is walking behind her!"

The procession had now come to the walled lane to the Bab Toot, the gate going out to Tangier and to Shawan. There the way was so narrow and the concourse so great that for a moment the procession was brought to a stand. Seizing this opportunity, Reuben Maliki stepped up to Israel, and said, so that all might hear, "Look at the crowds that have come out to speed you, O saviour of your people! Look! look! We shall all remember this day!"

"So you shall!" cried Israel. "Until your days of death you shall all remember it!"

He had not spoken before, and some of the Moors tried to laugh at his answer; but his voice, which was like a frenzied cry, went to the hearts of the Jews, and many of them fell away from the crowd straightway, and followed it no farther. It was the cry of the voice of a brother. They had been insulting calamity itself.

"Bálak!" shouted the soldier, and the crier cried once more, and the procession moved again.

It was the hour of Israel's last temptation. Not a glance in his face disclosed passion, but his heart was afire. The devil seemed to be jarring at his ear, "Look! Listen! Is it for people like these that you have come to this? Were they worth the sacrifice? You might have been rich and great, and riding on their heads. They would have honoured you then, but now they despise you. Fool! You have sold all and given to the poor, and this is the end of it." But in the throes and last gasp of his agony, hearing this voice in his ear, and seeing Naomi going barefooted on the stones before him, an angel seemed to come to him and whisper, "Be strong. Only a little longer. Finish as you have begun. Well done, servant of God, well done!"

He did not flinch, but rode on without a word or a cry. Once he lifted his head and looked down at the steaming, gaping, grinning cauldron of faces black and white. "O pity of men!" he thought. "What devil is tempting them?" Once he looked back at the market-place and the gate of the Mellah. "Take your last look on Tetuan," he thought, "tomorrow you will have the earth for your resting-place and the heavens for your tent."

By this time the procession had come to the town walls at a point near to the Bab Toot. No one had observed until then that the rain was no longer falling, but now everybody was made conscious of this at once by sight of a rainbow ring which spanned the sky to the north-west immediately over the arch of the gate.

Israel saw the rainbow and took it for a sign. It was God's hand in the heavens. To this gate then, and through it, out of Tetuan, into the land beyond, the plains, the hills, the desert where no man was wronged, God himself, and not these people, had that day been leading them!

What happened next Israel never rightly knew. His proper sense of life seemed lost. Through thick waves of hot air he heard many voices.

First the voice of the crier, "So shall it be done to every man who is an enemy of the Kaid, and to every woman who is a play-actor and a cheat."

Then the voice of the soldier, "Bálak! Bálak!"

After that a multitudinous din that seemed to break off sharply and then to come muffled and dense as from the other side of the closed gate.

When Israel came to himself again he was walking on a barren heath that was dotted over with clumps of the long aloë, and he was holding Naomi by the hand.

(To be continued.)

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

What may probably turn out the most important ecclesiastical event of the week before all is done is the attack made by the *Guardian* on Professor Cheyne of Oxford. As is well known, Dr. Cheyne is the pioneer of the new critical views of the Old Testament in the Church of England. Standing at first almost alone, he has now practically on his side Dr. Pusey's successor at Oxford, Canon Driver, and is to a large extent supported by Professors Kirkpatrick and Ryle of Cambridge. (The latter is the son of Bishop Ryle of Liverpool, the well-known Evangelical leader.) This has naturally emboldened him, and his last book—the Bampton lecture on the Psalms—is frankly advanced in its criticism. Under its present editor the *Guardian* has hesitated on its attitude to the new views, sometimes opposing them, sometimes allowing them a fair hearing. Now, however, it attacks Dr. Cheyne's book and his general position. This was perhaps to be expected, and would not have excited remark. But the astonishing thing is that so cautious a journal should have gone so far as much more than to insinuate that the moderation of a former book by Professor Cheyne was due to his desire to get his present professorship; that now, having gained his position, he has thrown off the mask; in short, that he hoodwinked the electors to the Oriel chair. It is much to be regretted by men of all schools that such an imputation should have been made, and especially by the pen which has made it. Dr. Cheyne is a man of the most sensitive and scrupulous honour, whatever may be thought of his critical views.

Archdeacon Farrar has been writing a sketch of Dr. Barnardo's homes, based on personal inspection. Dr. Barnardo has yielded, under the strongest pressure from his committee, and with much compunction, to the recent decision ordering him to give up one of his boys to be brought up as a Roman Catholic.

Near the village of Womersley, in one of the loveliest and most secluded parts of Surrey, the pedestrian is amazed to come upon an immense pile of red brick buildings, erected by the Roman Catholics, and to be known as St. John's Ecclesiastical Seminary.

Dean Eliot of Windsor, formerly of Bournemouth, writes an appreciative tribute to the late Canon Carus, one of the Evangelical leaders who has just closed his long and useful life in the town where John Keble died. Canon Carus attended Mr. Eliot's church at Bournemouth, a fact which confirms the testimony of the latter that he "betrayed no bitterness of feeling and no uncharitableness of action towards those from whom he differed." Under Dean Eliot the old Evangelicalism was considerably "heightened."

Bishop Gott, replying to a farewell address and presentation at Worcester, declared that since he had known the neighbourhood of Worcester, it had always appeared to him the most neighbourly neighbourhood he had ever known.

A leading High Church paper suggests that the Church Congress should be held much more rarely. It thinks that the programme is getting to be too uniform, and that there are some questions continually coming up which are so "burning" that they should not be touched oftener than necessary. It suggests that a little more friendly conference between the Bishop and his clergy might possibly better stimulate Church life.

Among new books which may be expected soon are a volume of sermons by Archdeacon Farrar and a collection of miscellaneous essays by the accomplished Scotch theologian Dr. Marcus Dods.

It has been decided to make a presentation to the Archbishop of York by the priests and deacons who received ordination at his hands during the thirteen years of his episcopate in the See of Lichfield. It will take the form of an archiepiscopal sapphire ring and an address. The presentation will take place at Stafford. There are 350 subscribers.

ITALIAN PEASANTS.

In speaking in general terms about the Italian peasants, I must premise by remarking that the following observations refer only to those of Central Italy. In a land where geographical distinctions are so sharp, these make themselves felt with all the more force among a class so tenaciously conservative as the tillers of the soil. Taken as a whole, it must be admitted that the Italian peasantry are of a high average type, both as regards morality and intelligence. They are intensely frugal, being able to subsist upon an amount of food so small as to seem absolutely insufficient in foreign eyes. They are also very careful and thrifty as regards all their small personal property. Taken as a class, they are in a general way tolerably contented with their lot in life, especially those who live in the mountain districts, where the air is bracing, and where the spectacle of the superior advantages enjoyed by their fellow-beings does not call their attention to the crooks in their own lot. They are generally pretty industrious, some of them exceedingly so, particularly those of Lucca, which still merits its old mediæval sobriquet of *l'industriosa*. They are very much bigoted to their own ways and customs, and nowhere is the sway of Mrs. Grundy (or whatever her Italian synonym may be) more absolute than among them. As an example: there are certain colours and fashions which it is not considered decorous for married women to wear, red especially. Thus mourning is not assumed until three weeks have elapsed since the death of the relative for whom it is worn, and during this period, if the person has died at a distance, the family feign to be unconscious of the event. It is not etiquette to offer condolences before the stated period has elapsed. Even more rigidly than among the upper classes is the ancient *gens* custom preserved among them. The heads of the family are known as the *cappocio* and the *cappoccia*, and their rule within their own domain is absolute, and no disobedience is tolerated. Without their permission their children would not marry, and even their caprices must be endured. The eldest son always brings his wife into his father's household. The second, if he marries, follows his wife into her father's house. There are just as many marriages by arrangement in this class as in the higher ones. An able-bodied young girl is always considered as possessing a certain amount of dowry in her capacity for labour; but she has a much better chance of establishing herself if her father can give her a portion in money. The bride, when she comes into her father-in-law's house, must bring with her a bed, bedding, and bed-linen. The wedding dinner is always a great function. Not seldom the better-class houses possess treasures in the shape of plate and linen which never see the light from year's end to year's end except on such occasions. The costumes, especially those of the older women, which then appear are often wonderful, of handsome and expensive materials, but made in the fashion in vogue at the time of the old lady's wedding. Their objection to having this state apparel altered is great even when it is necessary. The modern fashion for wedding dresses is to have them of black silk. The young girls, alas! are bitten with ideas of "la moda" and amazing imitations of the fashion two or three stages back will appear in church on Sundays. Happily as yet no peasant woman would wear a hat, or even a bonnet. The more becoming kerchiefs and veils are still *de rigueur*. Out of doors they wear their own hair, which is usually long, abundant, and of fine quality. The men on festive occasions wear ill-made costumes of modern fashion, often, however, made of handsome black cloth; otherwise they wear a shirt and loose jacket.

The etiquette about engagements is very strict; one rule is that on no account, and for no purpose, must the young woman visit the house where her intended husband lives. In some villages she may not even pass down the street where it stands. Another custom is the habit, in case of absence, of leaving a male friend to look after the young woman, and send reports of her proceedings to the betrothed. Not unfrequently this persons courts his charge on his own account, with results that often lead to tragedy.

If anything is presented to an Italian peasant-woman, she never looks at it until the giver has left the house: such curiosity would not be held good manners. Invariably, however, she makes a visit of acknowledgment, and never comes empty-handed, bringing either a basket of fruit, if she have it, or some chestnuts, or any small thing she may possess and think acceptable. Their courtesy as well as their manners is exquisite. They always salute passers-by on the roads, and will willingly enter into conversation if encouraged. Never under any circumstances do they presume. They like strangers to visit them, and hospitably offer what they can give in the way of refreshment. They are, however, exceedingly jealous of the dignity of their households. District-visiting they would politely but firmly resent. The ladies of the proprietor's family are allowed, of course, to make remarks, but these must be made with care and tact. The women work as hard as the men upon the land. Women usually thrash and reap, but do not mow or plough. They often go on working very late in life: the grandmother may be seen thrashing beside her grandchild. The work would not seem to be unhealthy except in the districts where sewage culture prevails. They are bigoted to their own ways, and cannot be convinced of the use of machines. They believe that they secrete the grain, and otherwise injure the crops.

Like the Italian upper classes, they are easily amused, and will go long distances to attend the different *feste* of the province. There is less enthusiasm than formerly for religious processions and ceremonies, but the peasant is still very pious. The free-thinking habits of the towns have as yet no power over him. They are strong and local in their attachments, and regard the inhabitants of the next village as foreigners. "He married a foreigner" they will say of a man who has taken a wife from a village half a mile away. The women accustomed to work on the land can often do nothing else, and are absurdly helpless inside the house. To the old, unfit for field-labour, is assigned the house-work and the care of the children. An objectionable feature of female labour is the habit of bringing gangs of girls from other places to work by the day. These girls, of course, belong to a class much lower than that of those who employ them, and get little good by wandering about and sleeping in barns, out-houses, and even, in fine weather, in the open air. When a girl belonging to the farmer class has to take to this kind of work, it is thought a terrible fall in life.

Emigration and conscription take away so many of the young men that the number of female labourers increases every year. The work is less objectionable than that of factories; the girls are usually well fed, but they are paid such small wages that it is impossible for them to put anything aside.

Taken as a whole, the Italian peasants are not gross. They have an innate love for culture and a boundless respect for persons more educated than themselves. It is unusual for them to be on bad terms with their landlord, for whom they have a truly feudal veneration. Their interest in politics is generally lukewarm, and is chiefly limited to that of their parish, where sometimes, however, it waxes hot and party feelings will run high.

HELEN ZIMMERS.



"PRISCILLA."—BY DAVIDSON KNOWLES.



SOME DOOMED HOUSES.



CLARE MARKET.

A CLEARANCE IN CLARE MARKET.

LITERATURE.

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S NEW BOOK.*

BY GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

To the student of evolution the career of the nursery novel should be curiously interesting to follow, even though one should look no farther backward than "Sandford and Merton," that old-world instructor of youth and encourager of priggishness. And for those whose childish mental pabulum (failing "Grimm's Goblins" and "Robinson Crusoe") was "Harry and Lucy," "Frank," or the gloomy moralities of "The Fairchild Family," 'tis somewhat surprising to consider the sudden strides made by children's literature of late. The Muse of the Nursery would seem, indeed, to have borrowed the seven-league boots, so fast and far has she advanced during the last thirty years or so. Among her other good gifts, she has brought us the fairy-fantasies of George MacDonald, the stories of Juliana Horatia Ewing, the poems of Robert Louis Stevenson, the queer, inverted comicalities of "Alice in Wonderland," to say nothing of innumerable translations from well-nigh every language, living and dead. Multitudinous are the old stories in new clothes that have re-arisen among us. Many in number are those of the wise and gifted who have unbent so far as to write for the special delectation of other people's children (for their own, too, sometimes)—while even the Laureate himself has not disdained to turn a nursery rhyme. Almost we are in danger of being overstocked with a literary commodity only, comparatively speaking, a short time ago so primitive and sparse of growth. But of Mrs. Molesworth's stories we can hardly have too many, for 'tis to her mainly that we are indebted for one of the latest and most pleasing developments of the nursery novel. Her first books, full of quaint charm and sweet, honest childhood, will long keep their places on our bookshelves and in our favour. They are like old-fashioned gardens, breathing forth odours of mignonette, moss-roses, stocks; bright with pansies and marigolds, and double daisies, red and white.

Perhaps, after "Carrots," "The Adventures of Herr Baby," with its admirable illustrations by Walter Crane, is the most picturesquely delightful of her stories, but "Sweet Content" is, none the less, an extremely attractive tale. To be sure, it does not seem to have been written with quite the same spontaneity, quite the same elasticity of treatment or grace of style that Mrs. Molesworth has accustomed us to expect of her. The subordinate small players on her stage are a trifle more shadowy, a thought less real and convincing, than are those in most of her earlier works. Altogether it might be said that "Sweet Content" (for all its undoubted charm) lacks a little the solidity of some of its predecessors. Comparisons, however unbecoming, will still be among the penalties of popularity, and indeed were this book the work of a new writer, or of one who had given less valuable hostages to fame, praise, thus qualified, might appear both inadequate and ungrateful. This new story from Mrs. Molesworth's pen deals, as usual, almost exclusively with child-life, being told, and very prettily told, in girlish parlance by the heroine herself. The simple climax, albeit built upon the well-worn lines of poor relations, a testy good-hearted rich aunt, and an endangered inheritance, is freshly turned and naturally worked up to. Mrs. Molesworth most certainly understands the art of making very excellent bricks with the smallest modicum of straw. There is a good deal of human nature and of quiet humour in the book, while the analysis of child-character could hardly have been better done. Especially subtle and true to life are the laughable, and yet half pathetic, imaginings and reflections of the only child, who, sweet little soul as she is, is yet a little overfond of posing and patronising. Of course, the moral (for moral there is, although charmingly dissembled) is unexceptionable, and pointed in a very original way. Mr. W. Rainey has been most successful with the illustrations, which are graceful and appropriate; but surely his realisation of a girl of thirteen is strangely juvenile, and more like a child of ten.

On the whole, the volume makes an admirable gift-book, tastefully dressed, and pleasantly written. It should prove acceptable not alone to those for whose special amusement it was designed, but to their elders to boot.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL'S WORKS.

These volumes† complete the very handsome edition of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell's works which Mr. Nimmo has given to the admirers of that accomplished man. The fifth volume is "The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.," and the sixth contains the "Miscellaneous Essays and Addresses." The story of the Emperor's abdication is told with a clear perception of the cause of that extraordinary act. Charles was probably the most secular hermit who ever retired into a cloister, and Sir William Stirling-Maxwell assigns the abdication less to spiritual reasons than to the Emperor's conviction that he was physically unfitted for the duties of his position. His bodily weakness did not lessen his voracious appetite, and he was much more devoted to the table than to the offices of piety. The most entertaining passages in the book relate to Charles's inordinate diet. Beef, roast mutton, baked hare, and capon all contributed to the cloistral meal, and were washed down by Rhenish wine, a quart at a time. Indeed, anything less impressive than the closing years of the Emperor's life it would be difficult to imagine, although a courtly valet was "struck dumb" by the greatness of the imperial mind, and trembled "at the recollection of the things which he told me." In the "Miscellaneous Addresses" there is much excellent reading, notably in the lecture on the "Proverbial Philosophy of Scotland" and the biographical essay on Sir Robert Strange. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell wrote a lucid and unaffected style, quite free from that irascibility which is characteristic of so much Scottish scholarship. His rectorial addresses at Edinburgh and Glasgow were untainted by political bias. Their fervour is that of the man of letters who sets more store by literature than by any political creed. At the same time, it must be allowed that this equanimity occasionally produces a sense of flatness and lack of distinction. We seem to have met with a good many of the reflections before, and the historical analysis is sometimes rather superficial. But the culture and urbanity of the author, and, above all, his love of knowledge for its own sake, make these volumes a distinct acquisition.

* *Sweet Content*. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated by W. Rainey. (Griffith, Farran, Okeken, and Welsh.)

† *The Works of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell*. Vols. V. and VI. (John C. Nimmo.)

A PROMISING POET.

Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems. By William Watson. Second edition. *Camco Series*. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—Mr. Watson is no new candidate for poetic honours, but one who has already won a place as, at all events, a very promising poet, who may go far, though he has as yet given no symptom of poetic invention or the capacity for work on a large scale. With epic or dramatic faculty, he may continue the mission of Matthew Arnold, to whom he manifests considerable affinity in his gifts of sane reflection and clear expression, simple melody, and sharply chiselled style. His best work so far is in his epigrams and his estimates of other poets, especially the admirable lines on Landor. The frequent tumidity of his sonnets contrasts curiously with the general chasteness of his diction.

A GERMAN "GOLDEN TREASURY."

Romanzen und Balladen. Edited by C. A. Buchheim. *Golden Treasury Series*. (Macmillan.)—A capital book to carry in one's pocket, to be brought forth for the delectation of odd half-hours, is the collection of German "Romanzen und Balladen," selected and edited by Dr. C. A. Buchheim as a companion to the already popular "Deutsche Lyrik." Professor Buchheim has certainly not laid himself open to the charge brought by that youthful satirist, Master Moth, in "Love's Labour Lost," of having "been at a great feast and stolen the scraps." Rather, he has played the part of the judicious host who in selecting his guests for a grand meeting of worthies has been careful to include in his summons only the most worthy, and, moreover, to seat each man among congenial company, so that the groups might mutually display each other's qualities to the best advantage. Of course, even the most judicious and impartial selector could not hope to please all readers. There will always be "good-natured friends" who will wonder why such and such a favourite of their own has been omitted. We ourselves could suggest a few "old familiar faces" we should have been glad to see at Dr. Buchheim's banquet; but the capacity of the hall must be considered in fixing the number of the invited guests, and if some worthies whom we hoped to see are absent there are others, whose unexpected presence we hail with especial pleasure. Foremost among these is Heine's exquisitely pathetic "Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar," a literary wonder, a story of simple faith and hope and resignation—surely the sweetest and most touching of records ever told by a man of many moods, beneath whose scathing satire lurked a tenderness the existence of which few but the most careful and appreciative readers would have suspected. How the mother seeks comfort for her sick and heartbroken son, according to the light that has been given her; how she rejoices to find the burden taken from the weary shoulders by the great consoler Death—these things Heine has told as none but he could tell them. Equally welcome is the "Klein Roland" of Ludwig Uhland, whose portrait worthily graces the title-page of the volume, as the most distinguished of the modern ballad-writers of Germany. The notes are full of information, and evidently the outcome of much patient research.

ABOUT ORGANISMS.

On the Modification of Organisms. By David Syme. (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)—Mr. Syme's avowed object in this book is to refute the Darwinian theory of Evolution. In saying so much, we indicate at once the somewhat Herculean labour the author has endeavoured to carry out in the course of his small volume of 164 pages or so, all told. Mr. Syme especially runs a tilt, of course, against the principle of "Natural Selection," admittedly the pivot on which Darwinism, as a system, swings and moves. The result of Mr. Syme's cogitations, we make bold to say, will satisfy no naturalist more fully acquainted both with Natural Selection, as a working theory, and with animals and plants themselves, than the author himself appears to be. In the chapter on flower fertilisation (which Mr. Syme rejects entirely in the sense that plant modification bears a very decided relationship to insect structure) it appears to us that the reader is simply required to accept Mr. Syme's *ipse dixit* that he does not believe what botanists teach, and that therefore the whole scheme of selection must fall to the ground. Even if we believed what Mr. Syme alleges, that insects merely make "use of the existing apparatus" (of flowers), he leaves us in the quandary that we cannot explain why the wondrous "existing apparatus" should have come to exist at all; and he equally leaves unexplained the fact that most flowers possess contrivances for keeping out unwelcome insects, in addition to means for attracting welcome ones. In a word, the author of this book merely contrives to split a few straws—mostly verbal quibbles—which lie on the outskirts of a great theory of nature. His book may be read, but it will certainly not carry weight or conviction in the case of readers who are biologists and who have learned the foundations of Darwinism from the pages of Darwin and Wallace themselves.

WASTE OF A WAYSIDE FLOWER.

A Wild Blossom. By Jule Singleton. (Griffith, Farran, Okeken, and Welsh.)—In this shilling story, which is by no means a "shocker," the clever authoress readily engages our sympathies for a pretty young girl, Bessie Wayte, daughter of a careless widower, a medical practitioner in a seaside village. Bessie is not very wise, and her aunt, Mrs. Penberthy, the local solicitor's wife, is more zealous for her social promotion than discreet in guarding her true welfare. She is too freely put in the way of Captain Tresham, the unmarried rich squire, whose fishing-cottage, where male guests of easy morals and manners are met, is visited by these ladies. So Bessie's head is turned by Tresham's predilection for her, and she expects a formal offer of splendid marriage; but this is prevented by the interference of Tresham's cousin, Lady Frances Arklow, with a bold and dexterous stratagem hindering them from speaking to each other at a picnic party. The silly girl, thereupon, sent off to another aunt at Bath, saddens and sickens at her disappointment; though she has a true lover, Ralph Levin, a gentleman in breeding and feeling, whom family losses have compelled to own and drive his omnibus and to keep a livery-stable. We regret that the authoress, instead of allowing Ralph and Bessie, at the end, to be happily married, has chosen to put both of them to death. But the tale is interesting all through, and has its charms of subject and of style.

A FAMILY AFFAIR IN BRITANNY.

At an Old Château. By Katherine Macquoid. One vol. (Ward and Downey.)—In her tales of French domestic life, including that of the congenial neighbours of France in the Ardennes, Mrs. Macquoid always contrives to be pleasing; and this story of an old Breton family, diminished to M. de Loconan and his sister Manon, whose château stands near Quimper, is one of fresh and lively interest. The brother, usually residing in Paris, a rising advocate, much engrossed by professional business and political ambition, knows little of Manon, who has lived at home with her mother, now deceased, and has since been put under the strict care of a grim chaperon,

Mademoiselle Barbe. These unsympathetic guardians, owing to peculiar circumstances, have not yet been informed that the young lady, with her mother's sanction, was privately married to M. le Baron de Camaret, a captain in the Army, a gentleman of good estate and repute, before his departure on Algerian service. There were reasons for keeping the matter secret awhile. De Loconan, being ignorant of this state of affairs, has planned to bestow his sister's hand on Harold Trenchard, an English friend, of high character and position, who comes as a guest. Manon, forbidden to reveal the truth by a promise until her husband's return, and still treated by her elder brother as a girl who must obey his bidding, is in a difficult situation, but manages in some degree to make Harold aware of her perplexity, and he behaves with generous forbearance. The unexpected arrival of Captain de Camaret in the neighbourhood, attended by his amusing soldier-servant, Desiré Leloup, who is in love with Anne Kerlaz, the archly courageous waiting-maid at the Château Loconan, occasions some disagreeable adventures, told with much spirit and effect. In the end, after De Camaret has been shot at and wounded in the leg, while Anne Kerlaz has been locked up and severely ill-treated by her cruel father, the parties come to a mutual explanation, and are happily reconciled. There is plenty of brisk action in the small compass of this short tale.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The Archbishop of York has conferred a canonry on Dr. Atkinson, whose "Forty Years in a Moorland Parish," now in its third edition, was recently reviewed in these columns by Mr. J. Dykes Campbell.

Dr. O. W. Holmes is to take his place side by side with Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell in the glories of a Riverside Press edition. There were eleven volumes of Longfellow, ten of Whittier, and ten of Lowell. Uniform with them we are to have fourteen of Dr. Holmes's works. Now, to the British public at least Dr. Holmes has made himself beloved by two books—"The Autocrat" and "The Professor." "The Poet" has never had much charm for them, and they have certainly cared little for those "medicated novels," "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," which are scarcely destined to live—unless, indeed, "Elsie Venner" lives as an interesting experiment in physiological romance.

The late Mr. J. Cotter Morison laid it as a sin to the charge of Macaulay that he had written the "Lays of Ancient Rome." Was it, he asked, a worthy occupation for a serious scholar? "Could we imagine Grote or Mommsen, or Ranke or Freeman, engaged in such a way without a certain sense of degradation?" To which Professor Freeman has promptly replied that he could not have written the "Lays," but wished he could. Nevertheless, it is not easy to imagine the modern "scientific" historian sitting down to write poetry. Poets there have been without number who have written histories—Milton, Goldsmith, Scott, Southey, and Schiller most notable—but they have always been writers with whom *Wahrheit und Dichtung* were convertible words, and one would hardly expect Grote or Mommsen to publish a volume of lyrics. Messrs. Longmans, however, announce such a volume by Mr. W. E. H. Lecky. It is the more strange, in that there is not, as with Macaulay, Carlyle, and Mr. Froude, the least suspicion of rhythm about Mr. Lecky's style. His early studies of Irish leaders and his later "Eighteenth Century" are unmistakable prose, although some may find evidence of a poetic spirit in the intermediate works on European Morals and the Rise of Rationalism.

Mlle. Anne de Bovet has been trying to find out what the average French peasant reads. The result of her investigations is curious, and yet typical of what is best and worst in rural France. Works dealing with agriculture, even when couched in the driest and most scientific terms, are eagerly bought and learnt by heart. Perrault and Madame d'Aulnoy's fairy tales are very popular. Certain sentences and stories in Rabelais have apparently gone down from generation to generation, for his works are not often found on provincial bookshelves. All the great classics have a place in the municipal library existing in every village in France, but only the young people ever read them. The *Petit Journal*, with its detailed accounts of what we should here term police-court cases, and daily instalment of mild sensational story, is widely popular, and really forms a library in itself; for the French peasant's horror of waste causes him to keep a file of even his daily halfpenny paper.

But what do English peasants read? A careful investigator tells us that "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," and two American works of fiction—"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Wide Wide World"—are to be found in most English well-to-do labourers' cottages, and sometimes also an old edition of Richardson's "Pamela" or "Clarissa Harlowe." Scott and Dickens are almost unknown; none of the modern men have penetrated below a certain genteel stratum, if we except religious writers and preachers, whose written sermons command a certain sale in the country districts. Shakespeare is read in Warwickshire, but nowhere else, "Robinson Crusoe" in all the sea-coast villages, and Burns in Scotland.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS TO HAND.—"Lords Clyde and Strathnairn," by Major-General Sir Owen Tudor Burne—*Rulers of India Series* (Clarendon Press); "The Book-Bills of Narcissus," by Richard Le Gallienne, *Moray Library* (Frank Murray, Derby); "Freeland: a Social Anticipation," by Dr. Theodor Hertzka, translated by Arthur Ransom (Chatto and Windus); "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century—John Keats to Edward, Lord Lytton" (Hutchinson and Co.); "The Poets and Poetry of the Century—Robert Southey to P. B. Shelley" (Hutchinson and Co.); "Arcadian Life," by S. S. Buckman (Chapman and Hall); "Sketches of Highland Character," illustrated (Edmonston and Douglas); "Encyclopædic Catalogue of the Guille-Allès Library and Museum, Guernsey," compiled by Alfred Cotgreave (H. Sotheran and Co.); "Translations in Verse, from the French, Portuguese, Italian, &c.," by Collard J. Stock (Elliot Stock); "Heads, and What They Tell Us: Phrenological Recollections," by W. Pugin Thornton (Sampson Low); "The Penny Postage Jubilee and Philatelic History," by Phil, with Portrait of Sir Rowland Hill (Sampson Low); "Materia Photographica," by Clement J. Leaper (Iliffe and Son, 3, St. Bride Street); "Military Photography," by Owen E. Wheeler (Iliffe and Son); "Poor Zeph," by F. W. Robinson (R. W. Loughby, 27, Ivy Lane); "Lessons in Art," by Hume Nisbet (Chatto and Windus); "Mary Barton," by Mrs. Gaskell, *Minerva Library* (Ward and Lock); "Well Won," by Mrs. Alexander (F. V. White and Co.); "My Jo, John," by Helen Mathers (F. V. White and Co.); "A Woman's Heart," by Mrs. Alexander, 3 vols. (F. V. White and Co.); "Beggars All," a novel, by L. Dougall (Longmans); "Walks in Epping Forest," edited by Percy Lindley, new edition (123, Fleet Street); "Aldyth," by Jessie Fothergill (Bentley). K.

SIR WILLIAM DES VŒUX, K.C.M.G.

Although ill-health compelled Sir William Des Vœux a few months ago to resign the responsible position of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Hong-Kong, it has not, fortunately, deprived him of the *bonhomie* and genial manners which have socially distinguished him in all those parts of the globe whither he has carried his brilliant administrative abilities. However, as he would assure you, it would be quite erroneous to suppose that his official career has been "strown with rose-leaves," for he has had throughout his life to keep up a perpetual struggle in maintaining his ideas of good government, and in the carrying out the principles of justice and the laws of humanity which have made Great Britain respected throughout the world.

Probably he would now have been a bishop, at least, if he had submitted to the desire of his father, who was himself a clergyman; for the Huguenots, from whom he is descended, have mostly been in the forefront of distinction; but his hereditary talents and his own inclination led him into another groove. Seeking fortune in Canada, and bearing with him traditions of Charterhouse and Balliol College, Oxford, he would quickly have risen to notice under a barrister's wig, his professional success showing promise at the outset in accord with his brilliant "call" examination. And, quick to recognise merit, the Duke of Newcastle, the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, who was travelling in Canada with the Prince of Wales, placed young Des Vœux on the first rung of the official ladder by offering him a special magistracy in British Guiana. "I was five years in British Guiana," he tells you, "and during that time, in my capacity as Protector of Indians, I made many expeditions into the interior, traversing much of the ground so graphically described by Waterton in his 'Wanderings,' and meeting many British subjects who had never heard of Queen Victoria, and even some who for the first time looked on a white man." It was during Mr. Des Vœux's occupancy of the magistracy, when transferred to a more "civilised" district, that he had special opportunities of observing the condition of the coolies; so that when a desperate rising occurred among them his ardent spirit in the cause of humanity urged him to write a despatch to the Home Government calling attention to their maltreatment. A Royal Commission was thereupon appointed, the report of which, by drawing attention to serious abuses and exposing defects in immigration laws, caused improvement in the condition of immigrant labourers throughout the Empire.

Sir William confesses that he was not sorry to leave British Guiana, if for no other reason than that the magistracy was a *cul de sac*; it could lead to nothing, and such a "sticking-place" was little to the taste of his ambitious spirit. So, yielding to his request to be removed to an administrative post, even at the receipt of a lower salary, Lord Granville appointed Mr. Des Vœux Administrator of St. Lucia, his first government. During the few years he spent on the island he was not inactive, for besides initiating and carrying out a great variety of useful measures, he, in conjunction with the Chief Justice (Armstrong), elaborated a Civil Code, now in force, which, embodying the principles of the ancient French law that had been guaranteed to the people at the cession, adapted it to modern ideas and local requirements.

Mr. Des Vœux's next appointment was as Lieutenant-Governor of the island of Trinidad, where, in consequence of his raid on planters' interests in British Guiana, he was received with extreme coolness; but in his short administration he succeeded in winning such favourable opinions, not only from the coloured races, but from the planters themselves, that he received on his departure what was said at the time to be the warmest "send-off" from all classes that had ever been experienced in the colony. And he needed the strength of encouragement, for he had to face still more difficult work on his transference to Fiji, to act for Sir Arthur Gordon, who, as its first able Governor, had inaugurated the novel conditions under which the colony has since been governed. One of the episodes of this acting government was the arrival of a shipful of 500 coolies, infected with cholera and smallpox. "The question I had to solve was to save the native population of the eighty inhabited islands from infection. Not long before 40,000 had died of measles, and the prospect of an epidemic of smallpox and cholera was appalling, and yet the ship had to be admitted to port; for the coolies, with supplies of food and water almost exhausted, could not be sacrificed." It was indeed a time of emergency, but with the hour came the man. "However," to continue the story in his own simple words, "I determined to isolate the ship and its crew by forming a cordon all round it. Nature assisted me, for a reef cut off communication with the ship on one side, while on the other I stationed night and day a guard of manned and armed boats, in a semicircle, with a schooner close at hand to act as a guard dépôt. Fortunately I had, as most able assistants, Dr. Macgregor (now Sir William Macgregor, Administrator of British New Guinea), and the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Thurston (now Sir John Thurston, the present Governor of Fiji). But apart from these I had only an exceedingly small staff of dependable men, and the utmost vigilance had to be employed. I had myself to make frequent surprise visits, and as the negligence of one might mean the death of thousands, any guard sleeping on his post was immediately flogged. In order to get rid of the ship as quickly as possible, I determined to transfer the coolies to an uninhabited island at a distance of some ten miles, which afforded facilities for surrounding it with guard stations. The neighbouring native chiefs lent several hundred men to build houses for the coolies, which were thus finished in less than a week. We landed the lot at last, but the process was necessarily a slow one, involving many anxieties; and on one occasion, in order to avert a collision which would probably have frustrated all our efforts at isolation, I had myself to risk a long shot at the bow of a boat in which some drunken sailors from the ship, after landing their coolies, were trying to row down a guard-boat manned by some thirty Fijians. I may mention that measures were taken at this period by which, within three months, some 60,000 natives were vaccinated, the people being so anxious to comply with the Government wishes that in some cases they exoriated their arms, even when vaccine was wanting, in the belief that this was better than nothing."

The mention of firearms reminds us that in Fiji, for the first time in the history of the world, there was adopted the principle of governing an enormous majority of natives without physical force—a principle the sight of which in practice has excited the wonder and admiration of foreign visitors—

and that Mr. Des Vœux put the finishing stroke on this policy by sending away the small contingent of Royal Engineers, the only non-native troops in the colony. Complete success was the result, and so satisfactory was his administration throughout that on the occurrence of a vacancy in Fiji (by the transfer of Sir A. Gordon to New Zealand) he received a special request from the Secretary of State that he would return there as a permanent Governor—a request with which he deemed it his duty to comply, though inclined to prefer the nearer government of the Bahamas, to which he had on his return to England been already gazetted. He thus went to Fiji a second time, being now charged with not only the government of that colony, but, at the close of the short administration of Sir A. Gordon in New Zealand, with the High-Commissionership of the Western Pacific. This latter office at that time (before the recent extensive annexations by foreign Powers) embraced legislative and executive jurisdiction over the British subjects in all the islands, except New Caledonia, between Dutch New Guinea and the Society Islands on the one hand, and between New Zealand and the Northern Carolines on the other. How extensive was this jurisdiction may be better realised from the fact that a man-of-war was sent 2000 miles to try a case of murder at the Island of Yap, in the Pellew group; and it may be mentioned with regard to this trial that, though the accused was acquitted, the case, as forcibly showing the length of England's arm in the cause of justice, had the best possible moral effect throughout the islands. Whatever may have been Sir William's difficulties in Fiji with planters and missionaries, he, as is well known, earned there the full approval of the Home Government, the entire confidence of his official subordinates, and the respect of the whole native population.

Broken in health by his long sojourn and anxious work in Fiji, suffering from the effects of an attack of yellow fever in British Guiana, from which he has never completely recovered, Sir William (who had been made K.C.M.G. in 1883) gladly accepted the opportunity of benefiting by the bracing climate of Newfoundland, receiving from the Aborigines Protection and the Anti-Slavery Societies, on his departure thither as Governor, an address acknowledging his "prolonged and successful efforts in the cause of humanity and civilisation." Sir William arrived in Newfoundland at a time when the colony was under the influence of considerable political and



SIR G. W. DES VŒUX, K.C.M.G., GOVERNOR OF HONG-KONG.

religious agitation; but on his departure, after a short administration of one year, not only the Catholic Archbishop, but the leaders of the Wesleyans publicly testified their admiration of his administrative and conciliatory abilities, while both Houses of the Legislature expressed in unusually strong terms their regret for the loss of his services. It is evidence of Sir William's conscientiousness and integrity that though he was sent to Newfoundland partly with a view to induce the colonists to adopt a provisional agreement recently entered into with France, he quickly saw that the concession by treaty of an inalienable right to take bait would be ruinous to the colony, and he thereupon championed the cause of the colonists with so much force that her Majesty's Government was induced to give a sanction to the Bait Act, which had for twenty years previously been repeatedly refused.

From Newfoundland Sir William was appointed to Hong-Kong, where, after a little more than two years of administration, he, on leaving temporarily for England, received an entirely unprecedented demonstration of respect from all classes, European and Chinese. Among the various addresses presented on the occasion was one subscribed for by many thousand Chinese, which consists of a sheet of silk some eight feet long, with the whole of the words worked by hand and surrounded by an embroidered border of most exquisite design. It was then generally and publicly acknowledged that he had in that short period done for the colony as much or more than any previous Governor; but on his return this year he was compelled by circumstances to pass measures by no means universally popular. Though far from a strict Sabatarian, he felt it his duty to frame and pass a law which will for the first time give the European sailor the benefit of a weekly holiday, and he strenuously defended against a storm of opposition the interest of the British taxpayer by upholding the increase of the military contribution to a sum more in accordance with the wealth and importance of the colony. Recent indications, however, show that even some of Sir William's most strenuous opponents would have been glad to welcome him back again.

Sir William speaks of China as a nation slumbering in its strength. It possesses a fleet of formidable proportions, able, probably, to sink any European fleet in the Eastern seas if it knew how to fight its own ships, though now that Admiral Lang's valuable services have been lost, Sir William believes that in the absence of an efficient European successor the Chinese navy will quickly cease to be a formidable force. It is, however, evident that the Chinese in Hong-Kong are appreciative of good government, by their spontaneous contribution of some 100,000 dollars towards the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee.

A RARE WILD-FLOWER.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

This article I am writing to-day is "by special request." I do it to order—a lady's order. From a village in the Vosges, high-perched by a mountain tarn, in a breezy land of pine-forests, silver birches, and great granite boulders, a friend has sent me a beautiful pale butterfly-orchid, plucked by her own dainty hand, with an intimation of her desire that I should choose it as the text for one of my rambling little botanical sermons. In such a case as this to hear is to obey. So I shall lay the poor dried and flattened thing out reverently on my study desk, and proceed to tell you what few facts I know about its habits and manners.

But as dried flowers are to my mind (save for the giver's sake) infinitely less interesting and less eloquent than fresh ones, I have taken the precaution at the same time to lay in, by way of corrective, another specimen of the white butterfly-orchid, all a-growing and a-blowing (as the street vendors say), from the beech-woods that hang pendent upon the scarped sides of the chalk-downs just a couple of miles from my own home in Dorking. For this graceful pale flower, though nowhere very common, is fairly cosmopolitan in its range, being found sparingly in moist woods or under the dense shade of forest trees in every country of Europe and temperate or northern Asia, from the Mediterranean and the Himalayas to the Arctic Circle. Its ethereal-looking blossoms, which have a strange witchery of their own, as if not of this world, grow in tall loose spikes, very delicate and ghost-like, with wan white petals, semi-transparent to look upon, and faintly tinged with green—a mysterious, diaphanous plant, more like some rare hothouse growth than a hardy denizen of our chill northern woodland. But the most noticeable point of all, when one comes to look close at the individual flowers, is the long and slender tail or spur which each possesses—a spur filled half full of abundant honey, whose limpid drops one can see through the translucent tissue of its pearly receptacle. It is these long spurs and the pallid petals beside them that have gained for the flower its English name of butterfly-orchid, from their vague resemblance respectively to the body and wings of some small white insect. But, as in most other instances of supposed mimicry in orchid-blossoms, it must be admitted the likeness is somewhat fanciful and far-fetched. Only a very casual observer would see in the loose spike of filmy and pendulous flowers, that rise on a tall scape from the two lush green leaves at the base, any suggestion, however remote, of a cluster of white butterflies.

Nevertheless, the name is in another way a fairly correct one; for this pretty and mystic woodland type is essentially, if not a butterfly-plant, yet certainly a product of moth-specialisation. It blooms in the evening; therefore it is white, and scented with a perfume which increases towards late afternoon: for twilight flowers are almost always pure white, in order to catch the dim eyes of moths in the uncertain dusk; and they are almost always also highly odorous, as an additional means of attraction in the dark for the fertilising insects. Moreover, they are generally of one colour throughout, without any of those conspicuous lines or spots or markings which act as honey-guides for bees and butterflies in diurnal flowers. At night, of course, such petty details would be invisible, and therefore useless. To this group of white, unvariegated, scented evening blossoms belong the jasmine, the tuberose, the stephanotis, the gardenia, the night-flowering cereus, and our present text, the butterfly-orchid. Now, in this last particular plant specialisation to moths has gone very far indeed. For the slender spur is a great deal too narrow to admit a bee's thick and clumsy proboscis; and it is a great deal too deep for any other insects to reach its store of honey, except a few long-beaked humming-bird hawk-moths and some related species. Nor is that all: the little group of orchids to which our plant belongs was separated many years since by botanists as generically distinct from the common pouched meadow-orchises, on the ground that the pollen-masses are much wider apart than in the other type; and the American naturalist Asa Gray showed, half a century later, by some most ingenious observations, that the width of the space between them really depends upon the size of the head in the fertilising insect. When the moth or butterfly poises on fluttering wings in front of the flower to suck honey from the tube, he thrusts his feathery head just between these two pollen-masses, which are carefully placed exactly above the mouth of the spur or nectary. Their lower exposed ends consist of a sticky gland, which gums itself automatically to any object that touches it. So, as the moth withdraws his head, the pollen-masses, gummed on by these glands, adhere to his forehead, and away he flies with them to another flower. There, they adhere once more, by a similar self-acting mechanism, to the sticky surface of the ovary, and thus effect cross-fertilisation, which, of course, is the great object of the flower and of the entire complex arrangement. Only, in purple meadow-orchids, it is the bee that acts as go-between or marriage-priest; so the pollen-masses there are exactly accommodated in size and shape to the bee's head, while the length and width of the pouch or spur precisely answer to his shorter and thicker proboscis. In the butterfly orchids, on the other hand, where hawk-moths and their allies perform the function of intermediary, the flower is made to measure for the hawk-moth's larger head and the hawk-moth's longer, but thinner, proboscis.

There is another curious point about these orchids, to which, indeed, the whole group owes its name, and that is the odd disposition of the bulblike tubers. If you pull one up by the root during the height of the flowering season, you will find it has a pair of these egg-shaped bodies at the base, about equal in size, and at first sight closely similar. But if you examine them carefully, you'll find one is already old, dry, and flaccid; while the other is fresh, young, and full of sticky material. The first is this year's tuber, from which the flowers and seeds are just then engaged in sucking all the energy; the second is next year's tuber, in which the leaves and sap are storing and laying by starches or other valuable food-stuffs for the succeeding season. Dig it up late in autumn, after the seeds are ripe, and you'll find the first tuber is now quite effete, a mere empty shell, like a hyacinth-bulb that has blossomed in water in a coloured glass; while the second, grown big, is fuller and richer and more vigorous than ever. Dig it up in early spring again, and you'll find the first tuber has by that time disappeared altogether; the second is sending up the new stem and flower-spike; while a new bud, representing a future third, is beginning to sprout apace from its further side, away from the old one. Thus the plant shifts its place in the ground an inch or more every year, and so gains access to fresh manure and new mineral constituents. It has, in fact, discovered rotation of crops for itself a hundred centuries before that complex scientific idea ever dawned upon the mind of man. It removes each season, automatically, to virgin soil, and sprouts afresh in an unexhausted spot with new stem, new roots, new leaves, new tubers.



THE DOGE OF VENICE, LEONARDO LOREDANO.
FROM THE PICTURE BY GIOVANNI BELLINI, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



A few young officers walked slowly up and down the big square market-place.

CHAPTER I.

THE drumming had ended, the soldiers were long ago safe in their barracks behind the ruined cathedral; only a few young officers walked slowly up and down the big square market-place of Goslar-am-Harz. The market-place was so vast that the group of gas-lamps round the black fountain seemed to give very little light; but a mass of clouds drifted suddenly eastward, and the pale-blue moonshine fell with a sudden radiance on the façade of the quaint old inn called the Kaiserworth, and showed clearly its high-pitched roof, with peaked dormers, and the life-size wooden figures of emperors between the windows.

"I thought we were the only guests in the hotel," one of the young fellows said, "and yet just now I fancied I saw a light in that central window."

The two friends who were walking with Fritz von Scheffel stood still, and, taking their cigars from their mouths, they burst into a hearty laugh.

"And I," said one of them—a tall well-made Brunswicker named Theodor Bode—"I also was looking up just now at that big oriel, and I saw nothing. You were dreaming of some one's eyes, my friend."

The third of the group was shorter and slighter than his



Fritz began to sing one of Schubert's love-songs.

companions: he looked troubled as he stared up at the oriel, the pointed top of which reached halfway up the house-roof. He observed that one of its three lattices was partly open.

"It is unlucky, I fancy, to see things which are invisible to other eyes," he said in a grave tone. Theodor Bode laughed merrily.

"Bravo!" he cried. "I, the slow-witted Bode, have guessed at the mystery which saddens one of my well-read comrades, and alarms the other. It is that the Prince is expected, and it is a diligent house-maiden's duty to sweep and dust extra every day till the royal personage comes."

"So," said Fritz, with a sheepish look, "you are no doubt right, Theo. Well, then, this may be our last evening of freedom. Good-bye to our musical Good-nights when royalty arrives."

"Come along, then!" said Bode, and he led the way under the ivy-clothed arcade, the pillars of which supported the first storey of the Kaiserworth. There were several tables and chairs here outside the hotel door, and Von Scheffel struck a tiny gong that stood on one of the tables. A waiter soon appeared with three huge earthenware drinking-mugs highly ornamented with figures in relief and with shining metal tops. He placed one of these and a big glass goblet beside each of the young officers.

Von Scheffel was more silent than his companions. He rarely spoke, except in the way of answer, while Theodor Bode and Rudolf Schwarz chatted and laughed on all sorts of subjects, returning often to that evidently favourite theme—the hope of a war with France.

At last Schwartz seemed to notice his companion's pre-occupation.

"See here, Fritz!" he exclaimed. "You do not make this last evening cheerful for us. Theo and I want a cigar; and while we smoke, you shall sing to us."

Von Scheffel nodded; he was thinking of his betrothed;

he was longing to get leave to go and see her, but he knew that he must be at his post when the Prince arrived, so there was no use in asking his commander to let him go to Lübeck. While he sang, he could fancy himself talking to his Sophie, and he could picture her sweet face looking anxiously for his arrival; so he began to sing one of Schubert's love-songs. He sang at first softly, but as his own feelings found voice in the passionate words the rich voice became deeper and stronger, till the imploring wail with which the song ended seemed irresistible.

There was silence when he ended, and Rudolf sighed.

This roused Bode's laughter, and then he began to applaud the singer.

"It is splendid—first-rate!" he said. "You never sang better, my Fritz! It is a noble gift to be able thus to stir the heart. But why did you sigh, Rudolf? Has the pretty Anna at the pastrycook's snubbed you, or has she sold you stale cakes?"

Schwartz laughed.

"I sighed, just now, to think how great a power such a gift gives! I ask you what girl could be unkind to a fellow who sang to her as Fritz does?"

"One could not sing all day," said Fritz. "I fear if one had to sing through one's life, so as to keep the affection of one's beloved, the game would hardly be worth while."

As he spoke, the inn door opened, and the waiter who had brought the beer came out. He looked frightened and sheepish.

"Gentlemen," he said, in an ill-assured voice, "I am commanded to ask which of you sang just now."

"You are commanded!" said Bode, contemptuously. "What the devil do you mean, Albert?"

The waiter rubbed his hands together; he could hardly speak for terror.

"There is no use in being angry with me," he said; "the worshipful Lieutenant knows I have only to obey the most noble Prince's orders."



"Gentlemen, I am commanded to ask which of you sang just now."



"Good-night, my friend," he said, "and thank you."

The three young men jumped up from their chairs.

"What do you mean?" Von Scheffel asked.

The waiter shook his head.

"Ah!" he said, "it is a calamity, and I need help instead of a scolding, gentlemen."

"Where's the landlord?" said Bode. "I believe this fellow is drunk."

But Von Scheffel had kept his eyes on the waiter's face: he felt sure that he was speaking the truth.

"Tell your story to me," he said kindly. "Never mind the Herr Lieutenant."

Albert sighed with relief, as he related in a prolix round-about way how his master had yesterday received private intelligence that the Prince would not arrive till the following Monday, and how, as it was then only Wednesday, he and his wife had decided to go for two days to Hartzburg to see the mother of the Frau Welsen. This very evening—the waiter groaned at this point—a gentleman had arrived in one of the ordinary station carriages with only one servant: he had insisted on being shown into the Prince's bedchamber, and when the waiter demurred he said he was attached to the Prince's person, and was acting under his orders.

"Yes—yes, gentlemen, it is true he had his supper served in his room; and he ate and drank like any other gentleman; and just now he rings his bell and tells me to find out who is singing below. Gentlemen, I tell him that it is a private party, and that the gentlemen will not like to be disturbed. Then he raises his head and looks at me, and he says, 'My good fellow, go to the officers—I have seen that they belong to the army—and say to them that I wish to make the acquaintance of the owner of that voice. Go, I command you! I am the Prince.' Mein Gott! could I then do anything else but come as fast as my legs would bring me to the Herr Lieutenant and his party?"

At another time they would have laughed, but they all looked serious when they learned that the Prince had actually arrived, and Rudolf Schwartz remembered that the window of the oriel overhead was open.

"Does his Highness wish to see me directly?" asked Von Scheffel.

"Yes! yes! most worshipful," the waiter answered eagerly; "but first I would ask the honourable company what should be done with regard to the patron? Poor man! he is perhaps already sound asleep in his bed at Hartzburg!"

The three friends looked at each other; then Bode said—

"It is light now at four o'clock. Let your master sleep in peace, and send to-morrow as early as possible to Hartzburg. Herr Welsen can be here before the Prince has risen, it is only six miles away."

The waiter had to shorten his thanks, for Von Scheffel was already on his way to the Prince's bed-chamber.

He knocked, and the door was opened by the Prince's servant, a severe-looking, middle-aged man. The room was very large, and so lofty that the wax candles on the table and mantelshelf were not nearly sufficient to light it up. The Prince sat at the table facing the door, he appeared to be tall and thin, he had bright restless grey eyes, a quantity of chestnut-coloured hair, and a beard which wanted trimming; he had a large nose, a wide mouth with flexible lips, and a thoughtful forehead.

Von Scheffel bowed, and then stood before the table. The Prince looked at him from head to foot.

"Upon my word, young man," he said gravely, "it seems to me you have more than your share of gifts. You are young and strong, handsome and well made, and you have a voice that might win a soul back to life. Tell me your name, Mr. Singer?"

"I am Fritz von Scheffel, your Highness, sub-lieutenant in the — corps stationed at Goslar. I am sorry to have

disturbed your Royal Highness by my song, but my comrades and I had not heard of any arrival at the Kaiserworth."

"No fault of yours, my friend. I had deferred my journey; and then I changed my mind. Never mind all that; what is important is your singing. Sigismund," he looked at his servant, "open the pianoforte and set lights there, and now, Herr Fritz, sing to me."

Von Scheffel looked round, and saw a pianoforte placed across one corner of the vast room. The alcoved bedstead and toilet arrangements were curtained off by heavy green curtains embroidered with the royal arms; the sofas and the massive arm-chairs were also covered with embroidered green stuff. The young fellow thought it was about as gloomy a reception-room as could have been devised for this illustrious guest.

"Do not delay!" the Prince said. "I am impatient to hear you."

Fritz sang first one song and then another, and still the Prince asked for more. At last his keen ear detected hoarseness in the singer.

"Stop, my friend! You must not fatigue your voice," he said. "You hardly know the pleasure you have given me. I see that you are a musician. I have been seeking a man like you for years. To-morrow I shall see your commanding officer, and give him leave of absence. You perhaps know that I come here to take command of the troops. I shall confer on you an appointment which will attach you to my person—eh, then, my friend, we will make music together every day."

Von Scheffel had risen as the Prince spoke, and he stood bowing beside the pianoforte. But his new friend held out his hand, and gave him a cordial grip. "Good-night, my friend," he said, "and thank you. I shall sleep all the better for those wonderful notes of yours: they beat the nightingale hollow."

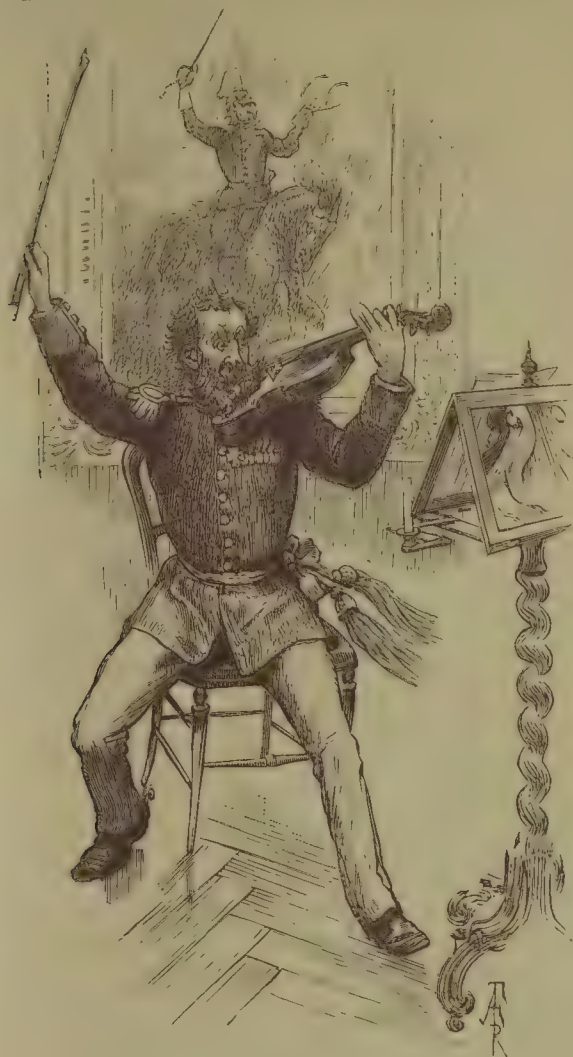
CHAPTER II.

A fortnight had passed: The Prince's suite had followed their eccentric master. He spent several hours every day in studying music with Von Scheffel, and in listening to the young fellow's singing. The Prince was a fair violinist, and he liked to improvise accompaniments to his friend's songs; Fritz could hardly get the necessary time to discharge his regimental duties. His comrades growled at him for giving them so little of his company, and called him a time-server and a courtier. This was hard, for, although the Prince was kind and extremely appreciative, Von Scheffel had already tired of the long hours spent indoors studying the music which was always being sent to the Prince. Fritz longed for his solitary walks over the hills, when he could dream to his heart's content of his sweet Sophie; he also missed the pleasant comradeship to which he had been accustomed. The Prince was certainly very kind, but Fritz felt oppressed by the restraint of his new duties.

Every morning he was expected to try over new music with his patron, and in the afternoon to accompany the Prince's violin performance. As long as they remained at Goslar, which town did not contain a theatre, he had to sing to the Prince every evening, and afterwards to sup with him.



The Prince was a fair violinist, and he liked to improvise accompaniments to his friend's songs.



"Go back to the pianoforte, dear Fritz."

"We shall find an opera in the next place," the Prince said one day. "Ah! my friend, how we shall enjoy it together after this long privation! I am, however, bound to say that you have wonderfully shortened the time for me: I cannot tell how I should have existed without your singing."

Von Scheffel had just been singing. He rose and bowed at this compliment. For some days past he had felt that he could not much longer endure the separation from his beloved Sophie. This seemed to be a favourable moment to ask for leave of absence. The Prince's secretary and his doctor, who had been invited to sup with him this evening, were playing chess at a small table in a corner of the big room. Fritz left the pianoforte and stood in front of his friend. "Pardon me, your Highness, I"—

"What is the matter, Von Scheffel?" the Prince said anxiously. "Are you hoarse, or what prevents you from going on singing?"

"I will sing again directly," the young fellow said; "but I want to ask a favour of your Royal Highness."

"Ask it, man! I am happy to think I can do anything at all for you."

Fritz looked relieved: he had felt very shy about making this request.

"I only want a few days' leave, to pay a visit," he said. "If I go to-morrow, I can be back on Saturday."

The Prince sat staring at him as if he thought him crazy. "Impossible!" he muttered to himself. "Utterly absurd!" Then he said aloud, "Where do you want to go, my friend?"

"To Lübeck."

The Prince leaned back and laughed heartily.

"My good Fritz, it need not take you more than a day or so to go to Lübeck and back again. Sit down and talk it over quietly."

The Prince glanced at the chess-players; they were completely absorbed by their game. Instead of sitting down, Von Scheffel turned his back on the players, and spoke in a low tone as he bent over the Prince.

"I am going to Lübeck to see a—a friend"—he blushed and hesitated, for the Prince was staring hard at him—"and I want to be a few days with her. I fear I could not return in the time specified by your Royal Highness."

Though he spoke modestly, the Prince was struck by the decision of his words.

He nodded and smiled. Fritz felt cheerful. The worst was over, he thought, for the Prince evidently understood that he was betrothed.

"Ah—you are a good son, I see, Von Scheffel, and you want to go and see your mother. Well, I cannot spare you now, but I will myself write to Madame your mother, and I will tell her what pleasure I find in her son's voice and in his society. I will tell you, my Fritz, the pleasant surprise I am going to give her. In about a week I am going to Lübeck. Part of the troop goes too. You will come with me, and you will see your mother. Are you content?" he ended, with a beaming smile.

Von Scheffel was quivering from head to foot with impatience. He was too much vexed to be able to laugh at the Prince's happy way of arranging his plans for him. To be in Lübeck, saddled with this burden of constant attendance on his patron, was not at all the holiday he had counted on. He wanted to end his engagement by marriage, but he could not make arrangements to this end till he had seen his betrothed; he had now been parted from her so many months that he did not choose to write this request. It was due to her, he thought, to make it personally, and, besides, how could he yield up the dear delight of watching the blushes and smiles which he could picture on Sophie's sweet face while she listened to him?

His silence surprised the Prince.

"You are not, then, content?" he said.

"You must be more explicit."

"I thank your Royal Highness for your very kind intentions," the young fellow said, "but I was not going to see my mother. She does not live at Lübeck. I want to go and see a very dear friend who—who is expecting me."

Fritz could not force himself to bring out his love-story with the chance of its being overheard by the two men at the chess table. He would take another opportunity, he thought, and get himself sent on a few days beforehand so as to make all right with his Sophie before the Prince arrived.

"Go back to the pianoforte, dear Fritz! There is no friend whose claim is so urgent as that of a mother. You can tell



A pretty, fair-haired girl, dressed in black, was at the door.

your friend that we shall reach Lübeck in a week: there we shall spend the evenings at the theatre, for I have given instructions that a good company is to be provided. I shall, therefore, hear you sing less frequently: let me, then, have as many songs as possible while we are here."

That evening Von Scheffel took his leave early. He was tired out, and his head ached terribly: he did not complain of it, and the Prince took no notice, but the doctor, who had taken a liking to the young fellow, told Fritz that he looked over-tired, and would do well to go to bed.

When Von Scheffel had closed the door behind him the Prince shrugged his broad thin shoulders.

"I do not know what you may think of the lads of this generation, Hermann," he said to the doctor, "but I call them a puny, self-pleasing race. At that fellow's age I could have sat up and made music till four or five o'clock in the morning."

"You must remember, Prince," Dr. Hermann said, "that we are not all like you. You have a splendid physique, exceptional powers of endurance, and also many gifts which make you superior to the common ills of life. Von Scheffel has good health, but he cannot do as much as your Royal Highness can." His Royal Highness again shrugged his shoulders.

"It is all a question of energy and of will," he said, with the most imperturbable good humour. "No one knows what he can do till he tries. Go back to your chess, Hermann. I can see that your adversary wants you. I am going to compose."



Fritz sat silently beside her.

Meantime Von Scheffel had gone downstairs in a ruffled, contradictory mood. In the entrance-hall he met his two friends, and this cheered him.

"I am yours for this evening," he exclaimed, "freely and entirely yours. For Heaven's sake let us amuse ourselves, only in mercy do not ask me to sing to you!"

A shout of laughter answered him, but he looked so utterly weary that they became compassionate.

"We will go to my room," Bode said. "Come along, Rudolf. I want to hear what you have been doing with yourself, and why you have not been to Lübeck, Fritz?"

Von Scheffel answered by a groan, and hurried upstairs to his friend's large pleasant room on the upper storey of the Kaiserworth.

CHAPTER III.

There are still left in Lübeck a few of those quaintly built ancient houses which seem especial to the old German towns; but forty years ago they were far more plentiful, and many of them were inhabited by rich and influential citizens. The father of Sophie von Allmers had been Burgomaster of Lübeck, and, as he had been a wealthy merchant, his widow and daughter continued to live in the fine old house at the farther end of the Breite Strasse.

A pretty, fair-haired girl, dressed in black, was opening the door of the tall house with sculptured gable and red-brick front nearly opposite the Hospital of the Holy Ghost. She passed into a vast hall, roofed at the top of the second storey, and surrounded on three sides by a double tier of balconies or railed landings, from which a row of doors in each balcony led to the women's bed-rooms. The staircase leading to these upper storeys was at the farther end of the hall, and went up corkscrew-wise, with a pierced-stone balustrade. On the right was the family eating-room; on the left, a small room which had once been the Burgomaster's study; behind it stretched a range of storehouses, where, during war-time or the long ice-bound winter, corn and wine and all sorts of provisions and forage could be kept. The kitchen lay behind the eating-room, and opposite it, on the same side as the storehouse, but stretching far beyond it into the terraced garden, was the pleasant chamber of the old house—a long, low room, with latticed windows looking on to the garden; a room which seemed bound up with the family life of the Von Allmers, so much joy and sorrow had been enacted there.

The girl had thrown back her long black veil as she came into the hall, and showed a very sweet face, a fair skin with the rosy colour of perfect health, and dark eyes with long eyelashes; she had a dainty little rounded chin, her features were not in any way remarkable, but the dark sweet eyes, the wavy golden hair, and the exquisite flower-like complexion made Sophie von Allmers singularly attractive. She went on to the room beyond the hall and opened the door gently, as if she feared to disturb its inmate. She had left her mother asleep after the midday meal; but Frau von Allmers had soon roused, and had for some time been knitting; she put down the delicate wool-work when she saw Sophie, and looked expectant.

"Well, dear one, has he come?"

"Yes, mother, he has come, and I think he will soon be here." The girl looked still brighter as she spoke.

"And did you see the Prince?" her mother asked.

"He was there, but I only saw Fritz, and, mother, I

could see that he was looking for me. I kept behind the curtain at Madame Schultz's, because the street was full of soldiers, and I knew that Fritz would like me to keep out of sight. Oh, mother, I can hardly believe he is really here."

She bent down and kissed her mother. She was so happy that she even forgave the Prince who had been keeping her lover away from her.

"You can send for me when Fritz comes," her mother said. "I am going to my room."

"Dear mother," Sophie thought, "it will be hard for her to give me up, now that she is left alone; but I believe the dear fellow wants to take me away. Can I bear to leave dearest mother, I wonder? Yesterday I should have said I never could. But the sight of his face has made me feel—oh! I do not know how I feel!"

The sun came streaming in at the window, and, as she took off her bonnet, the roughened masses of her hair shone golden in

of her eyes. "I cannot believe you are really here—dear dear Fritz!"

He took both her hands, and drew her to the sofa.

"Sit down and calm yourself, my best beloved," he said. "I hardly know how to tell you, but you will believe that it is not my fault if I say I have only a few minutes to stay with you. I am in attendance on the Prince, and, unfortunately, he has taken a fancy to my voice. I sing to him every day. You will hardly believe it, my darling, but I begin to loathe music."

She pressed his hand affectionately.

"You could never do that, really, my Fritz, but I am jealous of this Prince, if he takes you away from me."

Fritz sat silently beside her. One arm was round her waist, and he rubbed his chin slowly with the forefinger of the other, as if he were deliberating some plan. He smiled tenderly at Sophie, whose eyes had been fixed on his thoughtful face.

"You said just now, best beloved, that this present joy of ours seemed dream-like. To me it seems true and real, in contrast to the shadowy make-believe of the last fortnight: I feel once more a free man, and yet it is only here that I am free. When I lose sight of you, I go back into bondage."

"Poor dear Fritz!" She looked so sweet that he could not help kissing her again. "But have you asked the Prince to spare you to me?"

"I have tried, sweetheart, but that is the secret of my trouble. In all other matters the Prince appears to be clever and to have good judgment, but when I try to explain about you he appears not to understand; he smiles and looks pleasant, but he immediately begins to talk of something else. It is strange, for he is kind-hearted."

Sophie drew her delicate eyebrows together. She thought a few minutes before she spoke.

"I do not like to judge," she said frankly, "because I may be unjust; but is it not, dear Fritz, that the Prince will not understand you, or interest himself in our happiness, rather than that he cannot? It sounds to me that one is more likely than the other."

Fritz stared amazedly at her; he gave her waist a tender squeeze; then he rose and walked up and down the room.

Presently he paused in front of Sophie, and, putting his hands on her shoulders, he looked fondly into the sweet glowing face.

"There is only one way of ending it, my dearest; I felt it before I came: now I have seen you again I am sure of it. I cannot live without you, child. We must get married."

Sophie gave a happy little laugh.

"But, my Fritz, how will that be possible? You say you are only allowed just to pay me a short visit."

"I believe," he said brightly, "I became stupid out there at Goslar. Since I have been looking at your sweet eyes, my girl, everything seems possible that will sweep away the obstacles that divide us. Farewell, darling!" Then, as he kissed his farewell, he whispered, "You will be ready to marry me whenever I ask you, will you not?"

Sophie laughed.

"You are joking," she said. "You will give me a little notice; but I will do all you wish, my Fritz."

Von Scheffel hurried back to the hotel where he had left the Prince: before it two sentry-boxes, striped black and white, indicated the presence of some important personage. The Prince had not returned from his drive, but he was expected every moment, and Fritz chafed with impatience



Three days after, he found Sophie in the garden.

the light: it was simply drawn back from the delicate temples, and then rolled round and round in a series of coils that contrasted smoothly with the careless grace of the waves above her forehead. Her small ears had not been pierced, but she wore a tiny gold chain round her white firm throat—Fritz's gift, the last time she had seen him.

While she stood wondering whether she had time to take her bonnet to her bed-room, the door opened, and Fritz came in.

They did not speak for some minutes after the first greeting. He was quite content to hold her in his arms, and to kiss her over and over again. And the girl was so happy to find her head nestled on his shoulder, and to be sure that he loved her as fondly as ever, after this long separation, that time flew by unheeded by either of the lovers.

At last Sophie drew herself gently away, and looked up at him.

"It is like a dream"—She pushed her ruffled hair out

while he waited; he might have spent these wasted moments with Sophie.

A full hour had passed before the Prince came back, and his first question was for Von Scheffel.

"Ah, my friend," he said, as the tall young fellow entered the salon, "I want you very much. I want you to try this pianoforte; I have had it changed since you went out, but I am not sure whether you will be content, even with this one."

"May I first speak to your Royal Highness on a subject that nearly concerns me?" the young man said earnestly.

The Prince leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"What has happened to you, my friend? You must have been in dismal company, for you look like a funeral. You can tell me your business, but be as quick as you can, I have so much to tell you."

This was not encouraging, but the thought of Sophie had blunted Fritz's reverence for royalty.

"I want to get married," he said bluntly, "and I have to ask your Highness to give me leave of absence for two or three weeks."

The Prince laughed heartily.

"You cannot mean it, my friend," he said.

"I am in earnest, your Royal Highness," Fritz said firmly.

"It is impossible—at least, it is at present impossible," the Prince answered. "We will see about it farther on. In your absence news has reached me from London that a most wonderful Swedish singer with the notes of a nightingale has just appeared there. It is for that that I am anxious about the pianoforte. You must practise the music of 'Robert le Diable'; she has appeared in that opera; and then I shall enjoy the happiness of hearing two perfect voices mated. She will sing for me, I am sure: I hear she is most amiable. We leave Lübeck at midnight."

Fritz tried to be heard, but the Prince only laughed and pointed to the pianoforte.

"We shall only be away a few days," he said. "I will then see what can be done. Have a little patience, my good fellow."

CHAPTER IV.

Six weeks had gone by and Sophie began to wonder when her lover would come back. Fritz wrote to her, but his letters were short and desponding; the last letter was written from Paris, and gave hope of a speedy return, but the letter was dated more than a week ago, there was no saying where next the Prince's vagrant fancy might take him. In one letter Fritz had said there was a chance that the Prince would visit St. Petersburg: "In that case," he wrote, "he will have to go without me. Even if I am cashiered, I am not going any farther from Lübeck than I am at present."

Sophie had been busy ironing—she never allowed any but her own hands to do the getting up of her mother's dainty caps and lappets; the ironing-room was a slip partitioned off the end of the kitchen, it held a small stove and a long ironing-board, there was also a couple of chairs, and Sophie seated herself on one of them to re-read her letter. She felt very heavy-hearted; she did not doubt Fritz's love, but they had now been engaged two years, and she thought that was long enough to prove that they were suited to make one another happy. She was thinking of the story of the Old Man of the Sea: it seemed to her that Fritz would never be able to free himself from the Prince's friendly despotism. She put the letter in her pocket, and once more took up her iron. The door opened behind her, but Sophie was in the midst of a broad muslin capstring, and she could not look round; in an instant the iron was taken away from her, and Fritz had her in his arms.

"My darling," he said between his kisses, "what can you

have been thinking of me? But listen: will you keep your promise, sweet one? Will you go and find your mother and ask her to come to church with us? I have provided another witness, and the clergyman is waiting for us over there at the church of St. Jacobi."

Sophie looked so full of alarm at this sudden proposal that he feared she was going to refuse. He took both her hands, and held them fast in his.

"You must pardon all the abruptness," he said hurriedly; "and you will, my sweet one, for this is our only chance of freedom. I have asked over and over again for leave of absence; and yesterday, when we reached Bremen, I asked again. I was told I should have an answer this evening, but this morning, at six o'clock, I got a note from the Prince. It said: 'You are free till to-morrow evening. Go and get married if you will.' Now, think well, my Sophie; I may not get such

are unwise to travel so late. There is an east wind blowing, and it may injure your throat, and so affect your voice."

"I earnestly wish it would," the young fellow thought. He wondered that the Prince did not offer his congratulations, or ask any questions about his marriage, but his patron had something more engrossing to think of.

"I will not ask you to sing to-night," he said graciously. "You had better go to bed. We start for St. Petersburg in the morning."

Von Scheffel felt rebellious.

"May I ask?"—he began, but the Prince turned from him abruptly, and, beckoning to Dr. Hermann, "Come with me, Doctor," he said, "I must speak with you in private."

Fritz was left standing alone, grinding his teeth with vexation. He had been on the point of saying that if he could not get leave of absence he preferred to run all risks and leave the army.

Meanwhile the Prince was saying to Dr. Hermann—

"Do you not observe a change in our young friend? Marriage has injured him. He looked actually vexed when I told him of our journey: and yet I am doing him the greatest service one man can render another. I am preventing him from becoming tired of his wife."

Instead of going straight to Petersburg, they stayed first in Prague and then in Vienna. At the end of a month Fritz again asked for leave of absence, and reminded the Prince that he had not seen his wife since the day after his marriage.

"You are a foolish fellow," was the answer. "Madame does not want you; I intend to stay here several weeks longer, and I cannot spare you or your voice. Think no more about it, and make yourself as happy as you can."

The Prince spoke as graciously as if he were conferring a favour. For a moment Von Scheffel hesitated, defiant words were on his lips, and then he saw that they would not help him, he should probably be put under arrest for insubordination. He held his tongue; but he determined to free himself. He started that night for Lübeck. Three days after, he found Sophie in the garden behind the Burgomaster's house, in the Breite Strasse, looking so pale and careworn that he was at first alarmed. Her joy brought back her colour, and she was soon her own bright self again.

"Make the most of me while you have me, dear little wife," Fritz said. "To-morrow I may be taken away by a file of soldiers to the guard-house."

He spent an hour in writing an elaborate letter to the Prince, and then he and Sophie spent two happy weeks together. At the end of the fortnight this answer came—

"My good friend Von Scheffel, you have made a

great mistake, and I cannot now help you to remedy it, for I have filled your place as a singer: I have found a voice almost equal to yours, but which has been more highly cultivated. When we meet again I must hear you and my young Italian sing together."

That was all; but there came another letter in an official envelope, which greatly alarmed Sophie—a letter from the commander of Fritz's regiment. He told Von Scheffel that he had been guilty of a serious breach of discipline, which must have been severely punished but for the generous intervention of his Royal Highness. However, Herr von Scheffel was dismissed from attendance on the Prince, and any promotion to which he might have looked forward would be retarded for at least a year from that date; he would receive, in due course, a summons to rejoin his regiment.

Sophie looked troubled, but her husband smiled.

"It is only a question of patience, dearest," he said. "You are far better worth having than any promotion."



IN A HOP GARDEN.

a chance again; and when you are my wife it will be much less difficult to free myself."

"It shall be as you wish," the girl said quietly, and then she broke away from him, and went to find her mother.

Even when she came out of church on her husband's arm, Sophie felt as if she were still dreaming. But the awakening came next day, when she had to part from Fritz: she could not be brave; she simply cried and sobbed on her husband's shoulder as if her heart would break. Fritz did his best to comfort her, but he felt sorely miserable at the parting. Just as he was starting he received news that the Prince had gone on to Berlin, and expected that Von Scheffel would join him there. This news cheered Fritz: he had plenty of friends in Berlin, and he thought it would be easy to set up a little home there for his wife. He reached Berlin late at night, and found the Prince waiting up for him.

"Ah! Von Scheffel," he said, by way of greeting, "you

THE COMING OF AGE OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

On Sept. 4 last it was exactly twenty-one years since, on a bright Sunday afternoon, the Empire having collapsed, crushed under the early disasters of the Franco-German War, the Republic was proclaimed from the Paris Hôtel de Ville by Gambetta and his friends, the representatives of the City of Paris in the Corps Législatif. Never was a revolution more quietly accomplished; not a blow was struck, not a shot was fired: between luncheon and dinner France had passed from an Imperial to a Republican form of government in a matter-of-fact, practical sort of way. This momentous change—rendered more momentous still by the terrible situation of the country, the reverses it had suffered, the onward march of the victorious Germans towards the capital—seems to have been considered as a matter of course both by the partisans of the fallen régime and the leaders of the new Government; for when Gambetta entered the office of the Prefect of the Seine, in the Hôtel de Ville, the Secrétaire-Général, M. Alfred Blanche, said to him simply, "I was expecting you."

The new Government, composed of men who had been elected by Parisian constituencies—Emmanuel Arago, Crémieux, Jules Favre, Jules Ferry, Gambetta, Garnier-Pagès, Glais-Bizoin, Pelletan, Picard, Rochefort, and Jules Simon—took the name of "Government of National Defence"; and General Trochu, who had been appointed by the Empress Governor of Paris, retained his post and was, in addition, called upon to preside over the new Government. Well might the men who had assumed power under such terrible circumstances shrink from the task before them! But events, in those days, succeeded each other so rapidly that there was no time to think of or discuss responsibilities. Action was what was required of them, and act they did. Thus it was that, in an hour of gloom and darkness, and in the midst of disasters well-nigh unparalleled in the history of the world, the Republic was born, its cradle surrounded by ruins, like that of a child brought into the world during an earthquake.

Twenty-one years have now elapsed since that eventful Fourth of September, 1870, and it is interesting briefly to recall what the Republic has accomplished during that period. It found France mutilated, bleeding from its wounds, prostrated, and almost incapable of defending itself. Grasping the broken weapon dropped from the feeble hands of the Empire, it fought, continued the deadly struggle unsuccessfully but not ingloriously, and when at last the hour came to put an end to the war, it could claim to have saved the honour of France.

It was only when peace had been concluded that the extent of the disaster could be accurately gauged. France was exhausted, its territory was occupied by the Germans, who were to withdraw by degrees as the several instalments of the enormous war indemnity of two hundred million pounds were paid; agriculture, industry, trade, and commerce were at a standstill; the internal administration of the country was completely out of gear; the army was non-existent, and the navy little better. As a crowning misfortune, added to those under which France was groaning, the most formidable insurrection known in modern times broke out in Paris, and the Government had to fly to Versailles in order to save the nation from a catastrophe greater than any it had yet experienced. At the same moment a serious outbreak in Algeria nearly brought about the loss of that finest of French colonies in Africa. Such, in a few words, was the situation of France immediately after the war of 1870-71, when the statesmen of the Republic undertook the task of governing the country.

Undaunted, under the leadership of M. Thiers, they set to work. The Commune was suppressed, order was restored in Paris and in those provincial towns to which the insurrectionary movement had extended, trade and commerce were revived, and the whole of the war indemnity paid in an incredibly short time—namely, two years after the end of the war. But the proofs of extraordinary vitality given by the country, the signs of its renewed prosperity, raised hopes in the hearts of pretenders, who had held aloof during the ordeals France had gone through, and another danger threatened the new régime, which had to fight for its existence while engaged in remodelling the whole of the institutions of the country. Gradually the finances were placed on a satisfactory footing, a constitution was voted and the Republic definitely established by law; the army was reorganised and the navy increased, education laws were passed, and, in spite of increased taxation to meet the expense necessitated by a general reorganisation of the country, trade, industry, and business generally had taken such developments that every year the Budget showed an imposing surplus.

As the internal situation of France was improving from the administrative point of view, home politics became unsatisfactory; and although, according to M. Thiers, the Republic is the form of government which divides Frenchmen the least, the various monarchical parties were displaying considerable activity, and the Republic was seriously threatened by the coalition of the Anti-Republicans, who came to power on May 16, 1877. But this period of danger was soon over, thanks, perhaps, more to the errors committed by the Monarchists than to the wisdom of the Republicans; and from that moment events took a course decidedly favourable to the Republic. The Imperialist and Legitimist parties successively lost their chiefs or became powerless in the hands of leaders who were deficient in those qualities which go a long way to make pretenders popular and successful.

The Republic secure at home, and feeling stronger, began to take more interest in what was passing beyond its frontiers, and soon had an opportunity of making its voice heard abroad, when the Congress of Berlin met in 1878.

That date recalls the Universal Exhibition held at Paris eight years after the war, when all Europe was able, to judge of the progress made by France since her great misfortunes, and to form an idea of her marvellous elasticity and vitality. Then also it could be seen that in art, in literature, in science, France was still in the front rank of civilised nations, and that, be the form of government what it might, she had proved true to herself and to her traditions. Eleven years later, in 1889, the Republic for the second time held an Exhibition on the occasion of the centenary of the Revolution of 1789,

and then again showed what gigantic strides she had made since 1878.

And now what is the present situation of France? At home the Republic is firmly established, and its adversaries of yesterday, recognising its achievements, are on the eve of giving their adhesion to it unreservedly. The army of France is now admirably organised and equipped, and her navy second only to that of England; order, peace, security have been restored and maintained throughout the country; trade and commerce are on the increase; and, notwithstanding heavy taxation, Frenchmen are prosperous and contented. Liberal and progressive laws have been passed to promote the education of the people and the welfare of the labouring classes; and, finally, the institutions of the country are working harmoniously and smoothly to the advantage of the nation. Beyond the seas France has added to her colonial empire Tunis and Tonkin, and acquired a vast dominion in West Africa.

Abroad France, powerful and respected, has resumed her rank among the Great Powers of Europe; her voice is listened to with deference and carries due weight in the councils of nations. The Republic, it is true, has no princes to send to foreign countries; but she has nevertheless means of being represented abroad, as evidenced by the reception which Admiral Gervais and the French sailors have met with in Denmark, in Sweden, in Russia, and in this country. Never have royal princes been more heartily welcomed than was the representative of Republican France during the recent cruise of the French squadron.

Remembering what the situation of France was in 1870 and what it is now, it must be admitted that the Republic has the right to be proud of what it has accomplished, and on its twenty-first birthday the friends of France may heartily congratulate her, and express the sincere wish that for a long time to come she may enjoy the blessings of peace and march in the front rank of civilisation in the paths of progress and prosperity.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF FIREWORKS.

The Crystal Palace has been open for thirty-eight years, and during that time it has never, on any week-day, closed its doors to the public. During twenty-five years of that period Messrs. C. T. Brock and Co. have been delighting a generation



HOP-PICKING NEAR FARNHAM PALACE.

of English people with what is probably the most remarkable firework display to be seen anywhere in the world. Mr. Brock and his assistants gave a benefit on Sept. 3, which was possibly even finer than that which graced the German Emperor's visit to the Palace. The great artists in pyrotechny gave a fine theatre to work upon in the great terrace, from which their designs are displayed. On the benefit night the vast space in front of the network of devices was thronged by a crowd which must have consisted of forty or fifty thousand people. It was wonderful to see this mass of human beings thrown into alternate light and shadow by the flaring-up and the extinction of squibs, rockets, shells, and showers of golden or purple rain. Now an electric balloon would blaze in the sky, and in its light would be outlined thousands of upturned faces and the fine mass of foliage behind the terrace. Then would come an interval of darkness and then a great flash of many-tinted light. Very rare and beautiful were the majority of the devices. A balloon would sail in the upper air with a car of white light depending from it, which would break into clusters of red, purple, and yellow stars, or would let down a long streamer of varied hues. A shower of rockets would ascend and split with a crackling sound, like a volley of pistol-shots, into innumerable shooting stars—purple, violet, and green. Then they would take the form of a weeping ash, and as the long sprays of light descended, they would leave behind them branch-like forms of exquisite tracery. Very pretty and ingenious were the little moving figures of flame representing pugilists and fighting cocks, who worried each other till the victor reduced his foe to sparkless discomfiture.

Then there would come a shower of whistling rockets, which went screaming through the air like the sound of a covey of startled birds. The set pieces were both very gorgeous, "The Battle of the Nile," which was shown before the German Emperor, revealed a whole line of flame-like battle-ships, the forms of the spars, hull, and rigging being delicately outlined in little starry jets of flame. The British ships poured a hot cannonade on the foe, and then advanced in line, when the French flag-ship L'Orient blew up, and there was an end of the fray. The "battle" very naturally set fire to the adjacent set—"Niagara," which then began to pour its cataract of golden rain along the whole vast line of the terrace. The display was a kind of firework sonata, with an *andante* consisting mainly of very slow and stately rockets, and ending up with a sound-battery of Wagnerian fury and brilliancy.

THE HOP-PICKING SEASON.

The wild hop-plant is indigenous to Britain; its cultivation, for the use of the female blossom as a preserving and palatable ingredient of beer, was introduced from the Netherlands about the year 1524, but hops were imported so early as 1428. It flowers in June, and ripens its seeds in August or September. The gathering of its flowers is a very important operation in some counties of England. Only the plants bearing the female flower are cultivated for this purpose. There are several varieties, the red-bind, the green-bind, the white-bind, and others, suitable to different situations; the white-bind, the most tender and delicate, maturing early, obtains a higher price in the market. Hops are distinguished also by such names as the Flemish, the Canterbury, the Goldings, and the Farnhams. The hops of Farnham, in Surrey, have long been famous, always commanding the best price at Weyhill Fair. Their reputation may have been earned in former times by superior management, especially from their being picked before they are fully ripe, and being well sorted and cleaned. But the greatest hop-growing district is East Kent, in those places where the ground has a deep rich loamy surface, with a subsoil of deep loamy brick-earth.

The ground having been properly cleared and marked out with short stakes at equal intervals, usually 6 ft. apart, circular holes are dug, generally about 18 in. in diameter; these are partially filled with dung-manure, above which the mould is replaced, making a series of little hillocks, arranged sometimes in continuous rows, sometimes in quincunx form. On each hillock, in the planting season, February or March—though bedded plants, nursed during summer in a garden, may be planted in autumn—the sets or roots are planted, five, six, or seven together, by means of a dibbing-stick. One is set at the top of the little mound, the others at equal distances around it, inclining towards that in the centre. During their growth, the plants require such attentions as hoeing and weeding the garden, stirring and manuring the soil, and earthing-up to support the young shoots. About the end of April or beginning of May, when the plants have risen three inches above ground, the poles are set for them. These are straight, slender stems of underwood, or of ash, fir, chestnut, or willow, from 12 ft. to 20 ft. long. Three poles, sometimes only two, are erected for each hillock; they must not be too crowded, but so as freely to

admit the air, light, and sunshine to the plants, with the largest opening towards the south. The poles, which are pointed at the lower end and well tarred, are sunk in the ground by the aid of an iron tool called a crow, making holes 18 in. or 20 in. deep. They are fixed so as to incline outwards, to prevent the hop-binds interlacing above; the earth is rammed about the poles, that they may not be blown down. The next operation is tying the hop-shoots or vines to the poles with withered rushes, but loosely, so that they are free to climb; this employs a large number of people, mostly women. The plant will grow to the height of 10 ft., or 15 ft. or more; when it is out of reach, standing ladders are brought for the persons who have to confine stray-growing vines. The plant is liable to many diseases, and is much affected by the weather.

The proper time for hop-picking, usually early in September, but varying in different districts, is indicated by the plants giving out a strong scent, the seeds becoming firm and brown. This work, assembling thousands of people, many from London and other towns, who seek temporary employment in the country, presents very lively scenes. Each hop-picker is provided with a basket or frame, holding seven bushels; the bushels are marked by black lines around the inside of the basket. The baskets are numbered, and lots are drawn by the pickers for the numbered baskets. The officials of the hop-garden are the tallyman, who keeps an account of the quantity gathered by each person; the binman, who sees that the baskets are emptied into his bin, with as few leaves as possible; and the pole-pullers, who have to cut over the vines, to uproot the poles, and deliver them to the hop-pickers. The pickers are ranged in sets of six, seven, or eight in a line, with their baskets; the pole-puller lays beside each basket six or more poles; when all are served the tallyman raises a shout, "Blow up!" and the work begins. All fingers and thumbs are busy; everyone strives to be the first to fill his or her basket, and to take it to be emptied at the nearest bin.

A bin contains about fourteen bushels; when filled, it is closed fast with a steel skewer, and is placed in a wagon, to be conveyed to the hop-kiln for drying. If this were not done as soon as possible after picking, the green hops, left in the cloths in the bin, might be greatly damaged in appearance and flavour. In very warm weather they would heat by fermentation in five or six hours. The kilns are therefore kept at work night and day. After drying, the hops are removed by a shovel, and placed in the stowage-room for some days, before putting them into the pockets or bags, which are stamped and sent to market. The first pocket of this year's growth of Farnham hops, which arrived at the London market on Sept. 2, was sold at £8 per cwt. This is the second year that the grower, Mr. C. Lake, of Binsted, Hants, has sent the first pocket to market. The quality is said to be very good, considering the unseasonable weather of the past summer.

The scene represented in the Sketch is that of hop-picking in the ground adjacent to Farnham Palace. The hop-pickers are commonly paid at the rate of twopence or threepence a bushel, varying, however, according to circumstances; for where the hops were mouldy, and difficult to gather, from fourpence to sixpence has been paid. If the crop is tolerably full, a good hand will pick twelve or fifteen bushels in a day.

From Honolulu it is reported that Mr. John Owen Dominis, consort of Queen Liliuokalani, died on Aug. 27.

The Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Bickersteth) has arrived at Banff, Canada, on his way to Japan, on a visit to his eldest son, the English bishop there.

Sir Henry Trueman Wood and Mr. James Dredge have left England for Chicago as representatives of the Royal Commission for the Chicago Exhibition, and with the object of making preliminary arrangements for the British Section there in 1893.

FROM IRKUTSK, ACROSS LAKE BAIKAL, TO THE MONGOL FRONTIER.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SIBERIA, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.



DAY DREAMS.—A SKETCH IN THE TRANS-BAIKAL.

The weather was beginning to get so warm, and the snow was so rapidly disappearing, that I made up my mind to continue my route to Kiakhta, the frontier town, and to start without delay, as I was anxious to cross Lake Baikal on the ice whilst there was still the opportunity. News reached us at Irkutsk that the ice on the Angara River had already begun to break up, and that for many miles the river, a short distance away, was quite clear. I now learnt that I could not go the whole way from Irkutsk to Kiakhta by sledge, as the snow always ends some miles before the frontier is reached, and the remainder of the journey has to be made in a conveyance on wheels. I was advised, therefore, to do the snow-covered part of the road on a cheap, open sledge, which I could sell for a few roubles at the last post-house. So my big sledge, in which I had travelled so many thousand versts, had to be disposed of, and I was fortunate enough to find an enterprising dealer who took it off my hands at a fair price, on the off-chance of making a good thing out of it next winter. My next concern was to buy the cheap open sledge for the journey; this I had no difficulty in procuring for eight roubles (less than £1). It was a big, awkward-looking vehicle, not unlike a huge clothes-basket covered with sacking. The journey to Kiakhta only occupies two days, and on the evening of March 11 I left the gay capital of Eastern Siberia for the Mongol frontier. I had been advised to start at night, so as to reach the lake—which is only sixty versts off—early in the morning, and accomplish the crossing by daylight. I had not thought it necessary to hamper myself with a servant for so short a journey.

For many miles after leaving the city the road lay along the ice in the very centre of the river Angara, until the horses were at last turned towards the bank, and we were on land once more; but only by the wildest stretch of the imagination could it have been considered a sledge-track, my driver having actually to search for bits of snow here and there, and make for them as well as he could across the intervening mud. It seemed absurd attempting it in a sledge. However, we managed somehow to reach the first station, and found the yard full of tarantasses (the summer posting carriages) which had just arrived with travellers bound for Irkutsk; my sledge looked strangely out of place among the tall, unwieldy vehicles. The postmaster shook his head, and said he very much doubted whether he ought to let me proceed, except on wheels; he only let me have horses on condition that I did not start till just before daybreak, so as to reach the bad part when it was light.

It was a lovely morning, with every promise of another springlike day, when we once more sighted the river Angara. To my astonishment, this was no silent expanse of ice as when I had seen it on the previous night: before me was a broad, swiftly running river, its clear limpid waters sparkling like crystal in the bright rays of the rising sun, while on its surface no trace of ice could I discern. The Angara here must have been at least as wide as the Thames at London Bridge. The opposite banks, covered with dense pine forests, rose precipitously from the very edge of the water. This mighty river is the only outlet of the waters of Lake Baikal, and, as may be seen by a glance at the map, is the connecting link of the huge water system of Central Asia. Unfortunately, not far from where the Angara leaves Lake Baikal, it forms a big rapid over two miles in length, and before resuming its subsequent level falls over a ledge of rock which bars its entire width. It is this huge sort of "step" which must be removed before the river can be effectively used for navigation. Engineers for years past have been studying the possibility of removing this obstacle, but as yet nothing has been attempted. Meanwhile, however, that Siberian magnate, M. Siberiakoff, has undertaken the task of making

the river navigable the whole way for chain-hauling steamers running between Irkutsk and Lake Baikal. Whether or not this will be successful remains to be seen. The navigation of the Selenga River, Lake Baikal, and the Angara is at present carried on by nine steamers, only three of which ply between Irkutsk and the rapids, and these with one exception are owned by Russians. The one exception is owned and worked by an Englishman resident in Irkutsk, Mr. Charles Lee, who is a practical engineer of great ability, and has successfully made the first attempt in Siberia at actual ship-building (not merely putting together): you will observe that the credit of this enterprise is due to an Englishman.

We now followed the banks of the river the whole way; it widened more, and when we at length sighted the lake, it must have been considerably over a mile in width. Here, right in the centre of the seething rapids, is the celebrated "Chaman" Stone, a huge rock which from time immemorial has withstood the tremendous rush of the waters round it. It is the subject of many legends amongst the peasantry, one being that on the day it is at length carried away, the waters of Lake Baikal will escape and inundate the surrounding country. Without attaching any faith to such legends, there are many people in Irkutsk who would regard with unfeigned dread any tampering with the Angara rapids, and who believe that an awful disaster would happen.

I was prepared now for any surprises, after the transformation that had so startled me in the early morning; so when a bend in the road brought us in full view of this vast inland sea, Lake Baikal, I was not astonished to see that it was still held in the icy grasp of the Siberian winter. The ice commenced again at the very mouth of the Angara, as though it had been cut away by man to allow of the escape of the imprisoned waters from one side of the stream to the other. The line of the ice was as straight as if it had been ruled. The part of the lake we had now reached is the narrowest end; the distance across it here from shore to shore being about thirty miles, though the great height of the mountains on the opposite side makes it look much narrower. Our road now lay along the shore, a sort of rocky beach we had to pass over. Under the lofty cliffs ice and snow became more plentiful, so my driver no longer had to search for a likely sledging track, and for the next few miles, till we reached the post station, we went along splendidly. The road, in one place, left the shore for a short distance, and went right across a sort of little harbour crowded with shipping. We actually had to dodge in and out

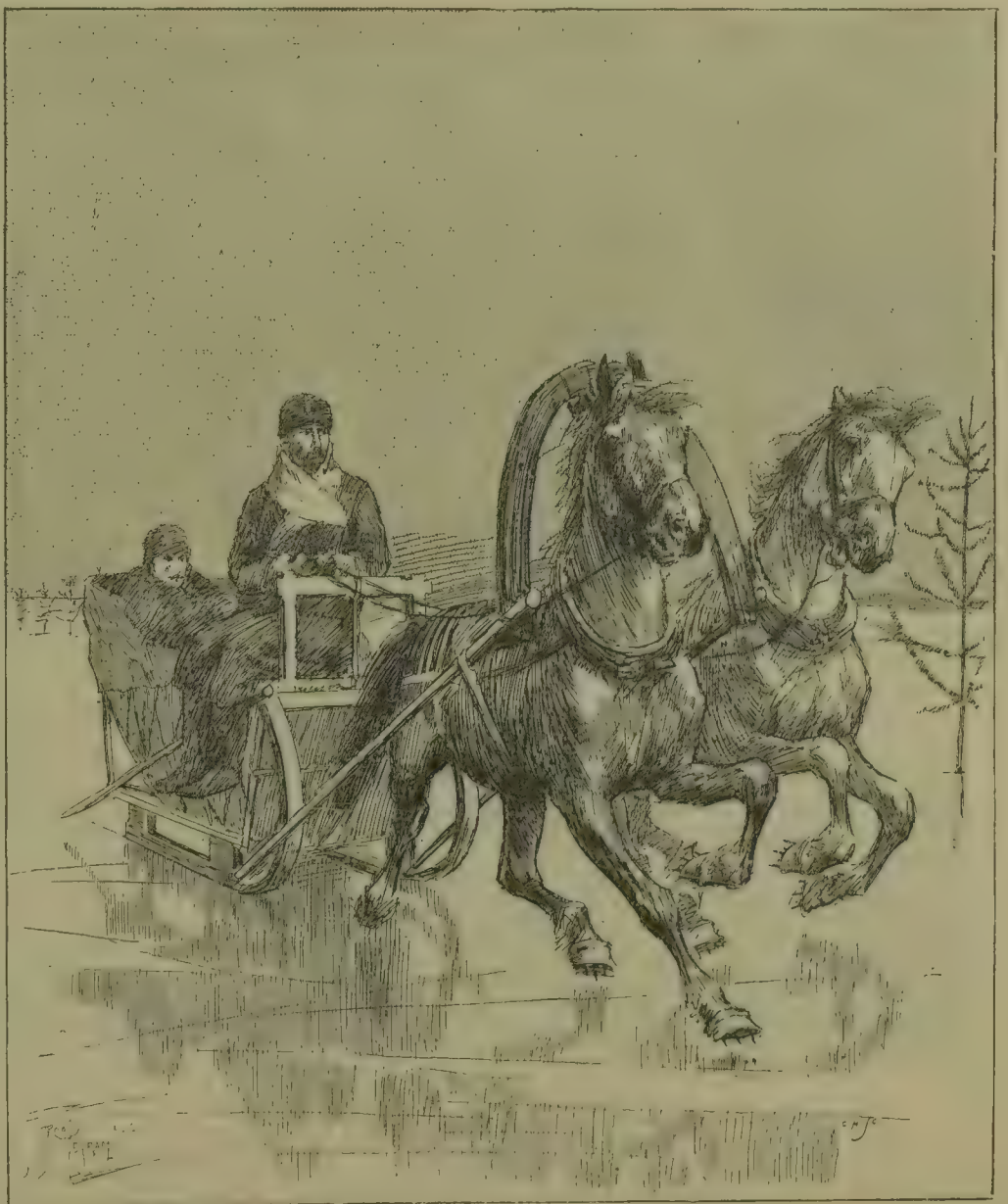
of the vessels, and duck our heads to avoid the ropes and spars. My driver evidently knew the place well, for we went right through the sort of fleet at full gallop, and a few minutes later reached the quaint little village of Liestrenitz, the point at which the journey across the lake is commenced. Here I was soon comfortably settled at breakfast in one of the cleanest post-houses I had yet seen. This having been enjoyed, I again gave the order to start, lounging back in my sledge literally basking in the genial sunshine, and prepared for the novelty of the next stage. Try and imagine what it would be like starting from the Lord Warden Hotel at Dover on a warm, springlike morning, with the intention of driving over to Calais or Boulogne—and you will have some idea of this part of my journey.

The opposite shore for which I was "bound" was quite invisible; and the ice, owing to its smoothness and the unusual absence of snow on its surface, almost presented the appearance of a very calm sea, under the bright blue morning sky. Lake Baikal, or, as it is called by Russians, "the Holy

Sea of Siberia," is one of the largest freshwater lakes in the world. Its elevation is 1500 ft. above the level of the sea. This magnificent sheet of water covers an area of 12,441 square miles, equal to sixty times that of the Lake of Geneva, and is 420 miles in length and forty in breadth in the widest part. That this immense lake owes its origin to volcanic agencies has, I think, never been doubted; its enormous depth alone carries out this supposition, for in parts, where lines of 5000 ft. and 6000 ft. have been used, no bottom has been found, while in most places its average depth is 4501 ft. Other remarkable features of Lake Baikal are the marvellous transparency of its water and the rapidity with which it freezes when winter sets in. The appearance of the ice on the lake depends entirely on the weather at the time the water congealed. If the surface was then much agitated, the ice everywhere will present a broken appearance, like waves. I was fortunate in finding the ice perfectly smooth; it had evidently been a dead calm at the time the frost set in.

The road the whole way is indicated by means of a double row of pine saplings stuck at intervals in the ice—a curious effect being thus produced, not unlike an endless miniature boulevard stretching away till it is lost in the distance. I could not help noticing the way the horses are shod for the work: huge spikes are fastened to their shoes, which, as they gallop along, splinter the ice in all directions, but give them a firm foothold on its surface. In a very short time after leaving picturesque Liestrenitz we were well out in the open, and simply tearing along at the horses' top speed: the motion was delightful. For about a mile from the shore the ice had a thin layer of snow over it, but we gradually left this sort of dazzling white carpet, and at length reached the clear ice. Here I saw around me the most wonderful and bewitching sight I ever beheld. Owing to the marvellous transparency of the water, the ice presented everywhere the appearance of polished crystal, and although undoubtedly of great thickness, was so colourless that it was like passing over space. It gave me at first quite an uncanny feeling to look over the side of the sledge down into the black abyss beneath; this feeling, however, gradually changed to one of fascination, till at last I found it positively difficult to withdraw my gaze from the awful depths, with nothing but this sheet of crystal between me and eternity. I believe that most travellers, on crossing the lake on the ice for the first time, experience the same weird and fascinating influence. About halfway across I stopped to make a sketch and take some photographs. It was no easy matter, as I found on getting out of the sledge, for the ice was so slippery that in spite of my having felt snow-boots on I could hardly stand. The death-like silence of the surroundings reminded me not a little of my experiences in the ice of the Kara Sea last August. This wonderful stillness was occasionally broken, however, by curious sounds, as though big guns were being fired at some little distance. They were caused by the cracking of the ice here and there. I was told that in some parts of the lake were huge fissures, through which the water could be seen. It is for this reason that it is always advisable to do the journey by daylight.

We reached Moufshkaya, on the opposite coast, exactly four and a half hours after leaving Liestrenitz, the horses having done the whole distance of over thirty miles with only two stoppages of a few minutes each. It was evidently an easy bit of work for them, as they seemed as fresh when we drew up in the post-yard as when they started in the morning.



OUR ARTIST CROSSING LAKE BAIKAL.

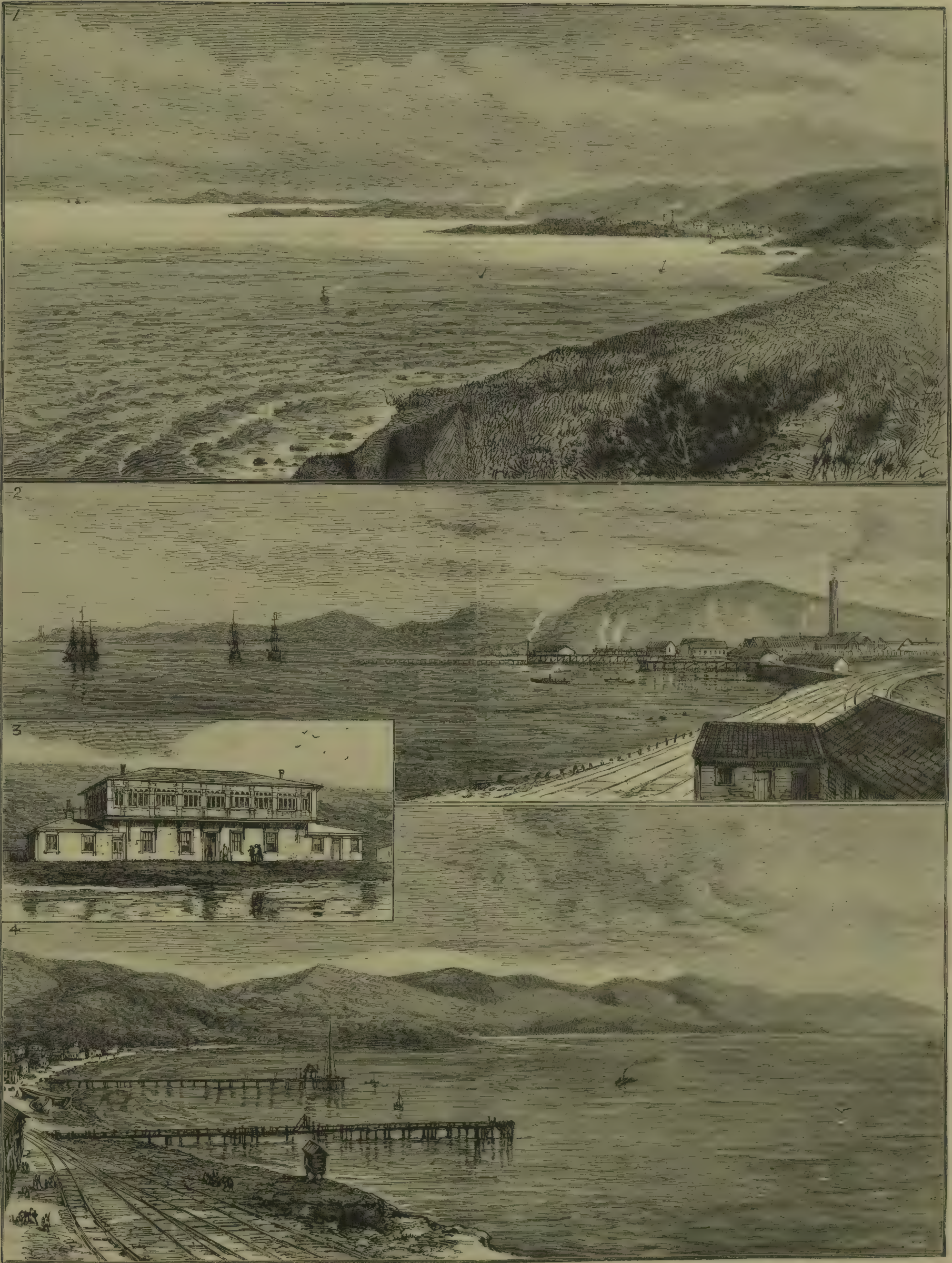


BIO-BIO.

CONCEPCION.

CORONEL.

LOTA.



1. Bay of Concepcion, Southern Chile.

2. View of Coronel, looking north.

3. Railway Station at Coronel.

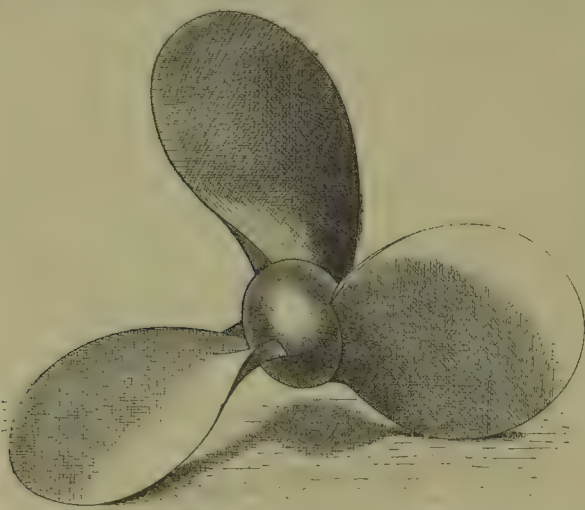
4. Coronel, view looking south.

THE REVOLUTION IN CHILE: CORONEL, THE SCENE OF MOB OUTRAGES AFTER THE OVERTHROW OF BALMACEDA.

ROYAL NAVAL EXHIBITION.

STEAM NAVIGATION: THE SCREW-PROPELLER.

So long ago as 1785—that is, only three years after the sinking of the Royal George at Spithead—Joseph Bramah, an eminent engineer of London, took out a patent for a method of propelling ships by means of an apparatus which he called a screw-propeller. Without doubt Bramah must be considered as the first inventor of this mechanical contrivance, or rather for its application to naval purposes. Samuel Brown, who was the first inventor of gas vacuum engines, worked two-bladed twin screws in a vessel on the Thames. Mr. Bennett Woodcroft took



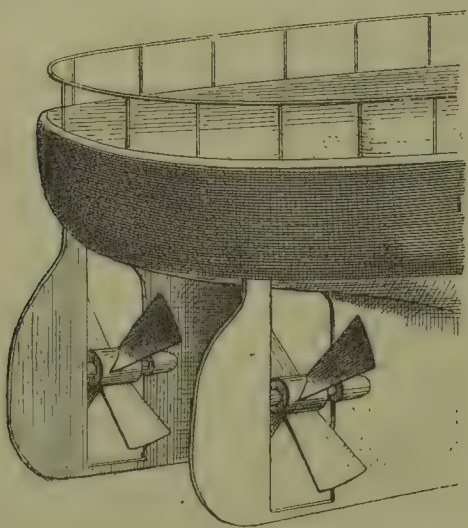
FORGED STEEL PROPELLER, TRANSMITTING 800-HORSE POWER AT 408 REVOLUTIONS PER MINUTE (THORNYCROFT).

out a patent in 1832 for a propeller which he describes as a spiral paddle, but which was, to all intents and purposes, a screw-propeller. It was tried with very satisfactory results in the same year. In 1836 two patents were taken out for the application of this invention—one was by Mr. Francis Petit Smith, on May 31, and the other by Captain Ericsson, on July 13. Mr. Smith having shown very satisfactory experiments with a small boat, a company was formed for working his patent, and a fine vessel was built of about 300 tons burden, and named the Archimedes.

At the same time Ericsson was experimenting, and had a boat built of wood 40 ft. long, driven by two propellers, and in May 1837 towed a vessel heavily laden at the rate of seven miles per hour. Nevertheless, the introduction of the screw was very slow; people could not be persuaded that this little implement in the stern of the ship, quite out of sight, could possibly supersede the imposing-looking paddle-wheels with their ornamental box protections, which gave a stately look to the vessel. If the merchants and shipbuilders were slow to recognise the merits of the new propeller, the Government officials were equally behind the age, for Mr. Ericsson towed my Lords in their state barge from Somerset House to Woolwich, without hitch or mishap, at the rate of ten miles per hour. When the voyage was finished, and so successfully, the eminent officials thanked him for the trouble he had taken, looked mysteriously wise, but said nothing, and, as might be expected, did nothing. Ericsson, disappointed and disgusted, returned to America, and built a large number of vessels, all propelled by the screw, not only for river but also ocean navigation.

Smith's experiments with the Archimedes were highly successful. She made several voyages, one entirely round Great Britain, the results being favourably reported upon by the Admiralty officials: nothing came of it. The vessel was eventually sold, and the proprietors lost fifty thousand pounds by their venture.

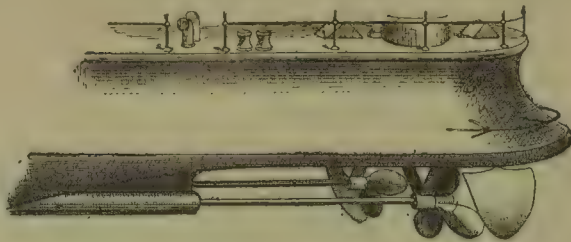
After this time screw-vessels became common, and the propeller was tried on a large scale with a ship called the Great Britain, the largest steam-vessel that had been built up to that time. She sailed from Bristol, where she was built, July 1845. But she was unfortunate, having gone ashore in Dundrum Bay, Ireland. Here she lay on the rocks through a long hard winter; but came off at last not much the worse for her mishap,



TWIN SCREW-PROPELLERS AND STERN OF THE VIPER, 3RD CLASS COAST-DEFENCE BOAT.

having proved herself to be a very strong and good ship. After this misfortune she was entirely refitted, had new engines by Penn and Son, and adopted a different rig; she was put into the Australian trade, and has been going out or coming back ever since with the punctuality of a town clock.

A little before this time the Lords of the Admiralty had requested Mr. T. Ditchburn, of Blackwall, to build a small iron yacht for the Queen, on board of which she might comfortably and quickly pass from Whitehall to Woolwich; as she had found, when she made a voyage to Scotland, that travelling by road to Woolwich was inconvenient. The size and form of the vessel was soon settled, but Mr. Ditchburn, to the astonishment of my Lords, proposed to propel the vessel by a screw: they were afraid to adopt it; they thought it too great an experiment, and it might not succeed. Mr. Ditchburn showed them the results of the experiments that he and others had made, but they were not to be assured. Mr. Sidney Herbert, who was then Secretary to the Admiralty, proposed, by permission, that

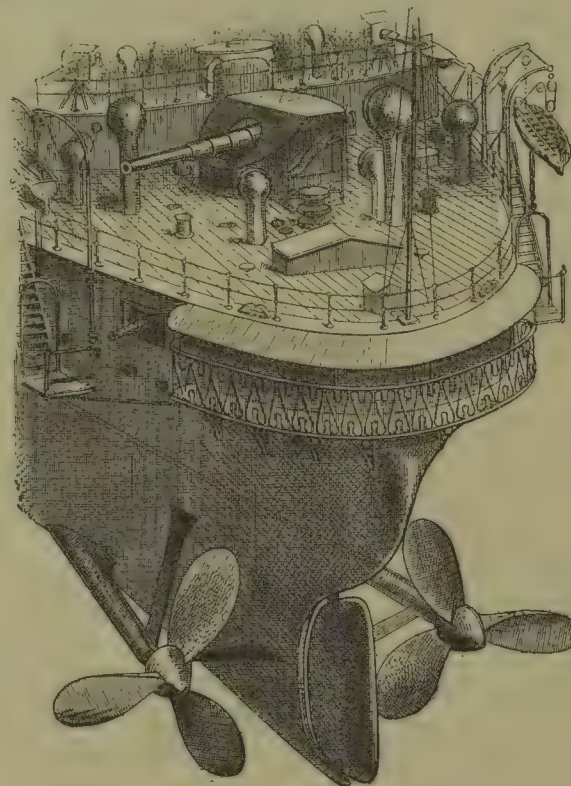


TWIN SCREW-PROPELLERS OF THE VELOCE. SPEED 25 KNOTS (MESSRS. THORNYCROFT, CHISWICK).

Mr. Ditchburn and Mr. Penn should build this vessel on certain conditions with regard to results. When completed she turned out a great success, for, though only built for a river-boat, she acted as tender to the Osborne, and afterwards to the Victoria and Albert, for many years—in Scotland, up the Rhine, in Ireland, in France, and elsewhere. She was the first screw steam-vessel in the Royal Navy. Experiments had been made, and a screw had been cast for the Dwarf on Woodcroft's plan, but had not been fitted. Screw steam-ships soon became very numerous, some of large size, of which class the fine ship named the Himalaya (4563) is a good specimen.

In 1858 the largest vessel that was ever built was launched at Millwall—at first called the Leviathan, afterwards changed to Great Eastern. She was 700 ft. long and of 22,000 tons burden, but she was not a successful ship and has recently been broken up. In 1856 the grandest naval review ever held took place in the Solent. Eight rows of vessels were moored in parallel lines, each four miles in length, the whole representative of the naval power of England. Those who saw it will never forget the sight on that fine spring morning.

What has become of that mighty armament then gathered together? It is probably nearly all broken up, and what is left of it is valueless, for none of it would be found in active service if a war took place at the present time. Ships of a totally different character now occupy the places of those old ships—differently formed, armed, and equipped, and built

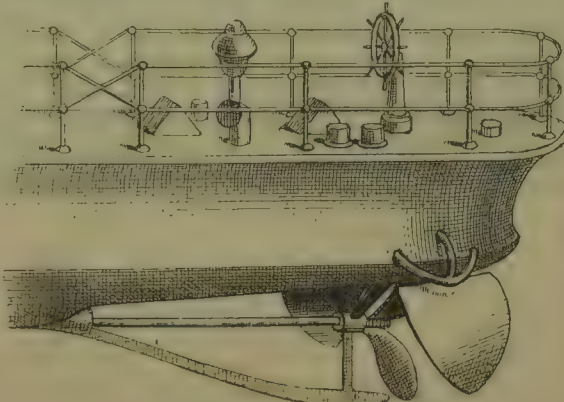


TWIN SCREW-PROPELLERS AND STERN OF H.M.S. ENDYMION (EARLES' SHIPBUILDING COMPANY, HULL).

of metal instead of wood—nothing of it has lived out the time that has elapsed since 1856, except the propelling power, the screw.

A hundred years ago, a little implement almost identical with the screw-propeller of to-day might have been found working in the kitchen chimneys of the large houses of England. Its use was to turn the spits upon which the joints were placed to roast before the fire. Its introduction a hundred years previously had ended the labours of the little turnspit dogs. It was Joseph Bramah, as we have said, who saw the effective action of this implement, and took out a patent for its application as a propeller for ships. It is found now all over the world in every degree of strength, sometimes remitting the force of engines of ten thousand-horse power on the great oceans, and upon the rivers propelling tiny pleasure-boats.

The Naval Exhibition at Chelsea is very rich in models of every kind of vessel, ancient and modern, but especially so in models of those wonderful vessels which belong to the great steam-ship companies which traverse all the seas of the world at a high speed, carrying their passengers safely and swiftly, while surrounded with every comfort and luxury, adapted to face all weathers and every climate. These ships are more interesting than the mighty war-ships; and it is unfortunate that the brightest intellects and most powerful minds should be to so great an extent all over the world devoted to the creation of machines and implements to be used for the more effectual destruction of their fellow-creatures.



SCREW-PROPELLER OF 1ST CLASS TORPEDO-BOAT, SPEED 23 KNOTS (THORNYCROFT).

CHINESE PUZZLING.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

All the news that comes from China justifies the anticipations expressed by me some weeks ago in this Journal. There have been more outrages; there is more evidence that they are inspired by a violent wish to rid China altogether of "foreign devils," and more reason to apprehend that on this point the mob and the governing classes are in full sympathy. Not that there is any likelihood of an intention to pursue the long-cherished object by an open and continuous line of policy. To go slowly, cautiously, persistently is the Chinese way. To halt now and then, or even to retreat a little, does not disturb their plans of advance, whatever design they may wish to achieve; and we shall probably see the same haltings and retreatings in this case. But we may make up our minds that the expulsion of foreigners from China, which has been a hope for many a year, is now a matter of set purpose: not a purpose that is necessarily fated to succeed, of course, but one that the whole country has at heart, rulers and people alike, and one that both rulers and people have already commenced upon.

The use that the recent demonstrations of mob-hatred would be to put to by Chinese functionaries was, of course, foreseen; and it comes out very remarkably in a pamphlet published in English at Shanghai by a Chinaman who has been employed in the Diplomatic Service, and who evidently knows how to touch European sentiment at the end of the nineteenth century. He proceeds upon a series of arguments which cannot fail to have a certain effect in Europe and America—the effect intended. Many minds in both parts of the world will be staggered by the question—Should the preaching of Christianity in China be forced on the people by gun-boats and grapeshot? To give his question the utmost weight, the inquirer unrolls a string of statements which may be exaggerated to any extent for all that the stay-at-home citizen of London, Paris, or New York knows of the matter; but though some will reject them others will believe, and so the purpose of the Chinese diplomat will be served. Shortly stated, his assertions are that the "masses and the classes" in China have become angrily impatient of a missionary enterprise which offends both, and is doing more harm than good in the country. The educated classes, he declares, are never touched by it, or only provoked to wrath by "the mass of impenetrable darkness that goes under the name of missionary publications in China." They do, indeed, hear the truth told by Protestant missionaries about eclipses of the moon; but next moment they have to listen while the people are taught that sun and moon stood still at the bidding of a Hebrew general. Enlightenment cannot proceed from such "intellectual jugglery"; and when the educated Chinese sees it thrust upon the people under menace of gun-boats, "it makes him hate the foreigners with a hatred which only those can feel who see that all which they hold as the most sacred and highest as a race and nation, their light, their culture, and their literary refinement, are in danger of being irreparably defaced and destroyed." Besides, Chinese officials know that the trained and educated foreigners whom they employ do not believe what the missionaries say; and it is an insult to hear Consuls ordering gun-boats about to protect missionaries while the very coolies in the Consulates know the same thing. It will be seen that our Chinese diplomat writes in some excitement. But the worst of his accusation is that the missionaries draw to themselves only the most weak-minded, needy, and vicious people; that when these men find conversion profitless from the pecuniary point of view, they drop their Christianity, and having lost the faith of their fathers, they become outcasts, and "worse than the worst of Chinese." This is felt as a grievance by the mass of the people, who, if they break into rioting, do so because they are enraged that the missionaries, "with a *comitatus* of outcasts, are allowed to gad about the country," far beyond consular restraint, withdrawn from Chinese jurisdiction, and "at liberty to insult and injure the common people."

There is a great deal more in this pamphlet, all to the same purpose; which is to persuade the Governments of Europe and America that since China is what it is, and missionary enterprise therein so much worse than a failure to do good upon the whole, it would be far better to withdraw the missions than to insist on their maintenance by warring on the people from gun-boats. For we are to understand that warring on the people it will be this time, and "not on the Government, as our other foreign wars have been." Or, if the missions cannot be withdrawn, at any rate they should be put under new and more strict control. If this at least is not done, there can be no amity between foreigners and Chinese in the Flowery Land; and that is a state of things from which both must suffer.

So the Chinese diplomat; and as he speaks the Government will speak, or more probably has spoken already. His account of the upshot of missionary enterprise in China has been controverted: by some described as gross exaggeration, by others as sheer calumny. In the nature of things it would be exaggerated at the very least; but what strikes me about it is that the protest against using "gun-boats and grapeshot" in support of Christian missions in a country like China will have its effect on many a mind, even where the diplomat's diplomatical account of them is disbelieved. This is an age in which the use of grapeshot for religious purposes is not commonly approved. Therefore, while we consider what the Chinese diplomat has to say, it is important to bring before our minds what he is silent upon. Apparently, he would have us believe that the outrages which his Government is expected to put a stop to are provoked by Christian proselytising, and by that alone. But there are strong reasons for rejecting that statement of the case as incomplete. What we have to deal with is the beginning of a movement for the expulsion of all foreigners from China—expulsion as foreigners first and Christians afterwards. It is a "China for the Chinese" agitation, which, if it ends according to the hope of all who are in sympathy with it (meaning the whole nation), will not cease till every treaty-port is replaced completely under native governance—with we know not what conditions for the privilege of trading there till we are elbowing out altogether. That is the idea; and it would be obviously furthered very considerably if the missions were suppressed or driven in upon the treaty-ports. Therefore it is necessary to look beyond the Chinese diplomat's arguments, and to consider his depreciation of the use of gun-boats under a broader light.

THE PHENOMENA OF DOUBLES.

History is rich in examples of the same discovery having been made simultaneously by two or more great thinkers working in ignorance of each other's researches. Whether the modern theory of Natural Selection was first struck out by Mr. Wallace or Mr. Darwin is still, I am told, a matter of doubt among the learned; but there can be no doubt that Le Verrier in France and Professor Adams at Cambridge were both engaged in calculating the orbit of the planet Neptune for years before the world had any suspicion of its existence, neither of them knowing that anyone else was engaged upon the same problem. I wonder why nobody has ever written a book—perhaps somebody has—on the romance of scientific discovery, and given us a chapter upon this most curious—I am almost tempted to say this mysterious—subject.

I have often thought that among the curiosities of literature there is something akin to this simultaneity in scientific discovery observable in the simultaneous appearance of two great men bearing the same name, who made their mark in their generation while engaged in the same sphere of labour. I confess to a certain degree of irritation, while reading Professor Stokes's book on "Ireland and the Celtic Church" some weeks ago, to find that most learned and acute scholar making out a painfully distinct story of the life of St. Patrick. I was perfectly happy as long as I could solace myself with the belief that there were two Patricks in Ireland during the fifth century—two, and only two. And as for Dr. Petrie's theory of there having been seven, it was easy to reject that as a monstrous hypothesis; but to be put off with one is to be robbed of an illustrious pair of saints whose co-existence—as long as it could be accepted—would lend material support to a beautiful theory. It seems, however, that I need not surrender my belief, for the Professor thinks it necessary to admit that there may have been easily three St. Patricks at work in Ireland during the fifth and sixth centuries. If there may have been three, I hold that there must have been two.

It is quite certain that there were two Saints Columba or Columban alive at the same time in the sixth century. They were not akin to one another, though both were Irishmen. Both were "Seekers after God," both were ardent missionaries, both were the originators of a new form of the religious life—the one may be said to have been the founder of Irish monachism, which had a character of its own; the other was the founder of the new Burgundian monachism, which continued to flourish for the best part of a century among the fastnesses of the Vosges till the more popular and less stringent rule of St. Benedict superseded the Columban régime. It is hardly probable that the two saints should not have met and conferred with one another, but each had a line of his own and each followed his own course independently.

I have not kept pace with the new researches that have been made into the life and labours of John Wycliffe during the last few years; but, again, it is certain that there were two John Wycliffes at Oxford at the same time; and as it appears that we have to account for a fellowship at Merton and another at Balliol, a rectory at Fylingham in Lincolnshire and another at Lutterworth, and the headship of Balliol and Canterbury Colleges, all which were held by one or more John Wycliffe, in the course of a dozen or fifteen years, some of us would find it hard to believe that there were less than two contemporary bearers of the name at Oxford, men of mark in the University, and working either in association or in rivalry.

Pass over another century or two, and we come upon two great scholars at Cambridge, both bearing the name John Boys. They were both distinguished academics, both fellows of colleges at the same time; the elder was one of the translators of the Bible, while the other was distinguishing himself as a prominent divine and a preacher at Paul's Cross and elsewhere; and within five years one was made Prebendary of Ely, and the other Dean of Canterbury. As a matter of course, the two have been confused by incautious historians, and are not unlikely to be confounded with one another again. But the most curious instance that occurs to me of the simultaneous activity of two men bearing the same name in the world of literature is that afforded by what somebody has called the "Battle of the Keys," in the sixteenth century. When Queen Elizabeth paid her famous visit to Cambridge in 1564, the Public Orator of the time regaled her Majesty with the usual oration, in which he maintained that Cambridge was a seat of learning which could boast of a greater antiquity than any other University in the land. The Oxford men were offended and indignant. When the arrogant claim of the Cantabs was reported to one Thomas Caius—Master of University College, Oxford—he then and there sat down and wrote a dissertation maintaining the contrary position—to wit, that the University of Oxford was a far more ancient institution than her sister on the Granta. But Cambridge, too, could boast of a champion bearing the name of Caius—though his name was John and the other's name was Thomas. John Caius set himself to confute Thomas Caius, and to it they went, hammer and tongs. Each had his supporters and partisans, and there was a great deal of strong language and a great deal of strong feeling, and the followers of one Caius called the followers of the other Caius all the hard names they could find, and there was, you may be sure, no love lost between them. But the curious point of the story is that there should be two men in the world who bore the name of Key at all, and who,

bearing it, as they both did, should simultaneously take it into their heads to adopt the same Latinised form, which has nothing to do with the meaning of the English word. They were strictly contemporaries; they were probably born and certainly died within a year of one another. They were not allied by blood: one was a Yorkshire, the other a Norfolk man. They were both suspected of being ill-affected towards the doctrines of the Reformation; they were both masters of colleges to their respective Universities; the one was buried at Oxford in May 1572, the other at Cambridge in July 1573. There is no reason to believe that these two men ever met or ever held intercourse with one another for an hour.

Now, if we had been dealing with members of the only too prolific stock of the Browns or the Smiths or the Robinsons, it might have been easy to adduce numberless instances of famous or notorious couples alive at the same time in the history of each of those families. The other day I counted in Gore's Directory more than six hundred bearers of the name of John Jones who were actual householders at Liverpool in 1885. We have only to bear in mind that Jones and Evans are but the two different forms of the same name, and corruptions of what we now call John and the Greeks called Johannes, to find ourselves with a practically inexhaustible fund of material, from which we may construct any theories we please to adopt with regard to the illustrious house of Jones. Have we not Johns and Jones, and Iwans and Evans, and innumer-



SALLY, THE CHIMPANZEE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

able other variants at our command? A practised sophist might do what he pleased with such a bank to draw from. But Boys and Wicliffe and Caius are at least unusual names, and yet here are these double stars, as we may call them, suddenly appearing in the firmament, revolving round each other with grotesque pirouetting, each casting upon the other a measure of illumination or obscurity according as we change our points of view.

Is not this a subject that deserves serious examination, my brothers? Let us look into it. Let us found a society for collecting and recording illustrative facts. The study of the occult sciences is reviving. Here we have a chapter, it may be, of a solemn and pregnant *opus magnum* which only waits to be written. In the revelations of the future the phenomena of doubles cannot but find a place of prominence.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

A full-length portrait of the late Earl Granville has been placed among the collection of historical oil paintings at the Townhall, Dover.

The great vine at Hampton Court has borne well this year. The number of bunches of grapes was 1500, and the fruit is quite up to the average. About a hundred bunches were cut recently and sent to the Queen.

The Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, on Sept. 4 entertained the whole of the pauper children inmates of Barnet Union Workhouse at his seat, Wrotham Park. The Earl sent his carriages to the workhouse to convey the little ones to the park. There they were well entertained, and the Countess of Strafford personally conducted them through the gardens and conservatories, and subsequently superintended their various amusements. Shortly before the time for returning a balloon passed over the park, and, in response to the Earl's invitation, the aeronauts came down within hailing distance, to the great delight of the children.

THE CHIMPANZEE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

It is doubtful whether any of the animals exhibited from time to time in our zoological collections are viewed with as much interest as those that constitute the nearest of our poor relations, the anthropoid or humanlike apes, of which three distinct groups are known—the orang-utans from Borneo, the gibbons from tropical Asia, and the gorillas and the chimpanzees from Western Africa. These are the most highly developed of all the animal creation, and approach the nearest to man. Unfortunately, they are all short-lived in our temperate climate, seldom living a sufficient time for their habits and instincts to be accurately studied. One remarkable exception, however, has been long familiar to the London public. Sally, the bald-headed chimpanzee, that was recently living in the Zoological Gardens, was a well-known figure in London life. When Sally arrived at the gardens, in October 1883, she was quite an infant, not having shed her first teeth; probably she might have been between two and three years old. As soon as she arrived, it was seen that she differed from the ordinary chimpanzees, of which, since their commencement, more than thirty specimens have been exhibited in the gardens, all of which, unfortunately, were short-lived. The most important differences between Sally and her predecessors were that her face was almost black in colour, that her head was destitute of hair, whereas in the ordinary chimpanzee the hair divides on the top of the head, falling to each side in tolerable abundance,

and, again, her ears were very much larger. Hence Sally was regarded as the type of a new species, differing from the old one, and was called the bald chimpanzee, or, in scientific language, *Anthropopithecus calvus*. No sooner was this young creature located in the gardens than she showed a disposition to live upon animal food. If a small bird were let fly in her cage, she would adroitly catch it as it flew past her, bite off the head and eat it, skin and feathers included. This food seemed so natural to her that for many months Sally was supplied with a young pigeon, which she killed and ate every night. After a time she became more civilised, when cooked mutton and beef-tea were substituted for this part of her dietary. The location of the Zoological Gardens close to the Regent's Canal is attended with one very serious inconvenience. The rats from the canal cannot be kept out. They are present in every part of the gardens to which they can get access, in spite of the numbers that have been constantly destroyed. To Sally, however, they were by no means an inconvenience. If a rat entered her cage at night it was invariably caught and killed by her. In these respects Sally differed very much from the ordinary chimpanzee, which Mr. Bartlett informs us he has never known to eat any kind of flesh, and he has had a large number of specimens under his care during the many years that he has been superintendent of the gardens. These were not the only distinctions that characterised Sally. She was undoubtedly far more intelligent than any of the larger apes that have ever before been kept in confinement. She was affectionate, hardly ever tired of romping and playing with her keeper, generally in a very good temper, although she occasionally behaved like a spoiled child. Sally was capable of being taught many things that showed considerable thought and a great amount of intelligence. She always obeyed her keeper, and was trained to such an extent that she could even count to a considerable number. The keeper had taught her to give the exact number of straws asked for, which she would select, pick up, arrange in a little bundle, and hand to him, whether she was told to select three, four, five, six, or seven; it was even said that she could go on to a greater number. She always recognised those who made her acquaintance, and paid marked attention and evinced an extraordinary amount of interest in coloured people, whom she would receive with a loud cry, which sounded much like the syllables "bon, bun, bun."

The chimpanzee may be regarded as the animal which approaches most nearly to man. Although smaller than the full-grown gorilla, there is not the great disparity in the size or structure of the two sexes that there is in that animal. When the chimpanzee stands upright the arms reach only a short distance below the knees, being in this respect more humanlike than any other ape. The face is furnished with distinct whiskers, eyebrows, and eyelashes. The forehead is more vaulted, and the brain, as might be expected from the intelligence of the animal, larger than in any other ape. The tusks are much smaller, and the whole of the teeth make a close approximation to those of the human species. The comparatively long life which Sally has passed in confinement is doubtless due to the conditions under which she was placed. Instead of being put in the crowded monkey-house, she had, as most of our readers must be aware, a large room very much to herself, where the air was comparatively pure, and she was not irritated by the presence of other animals of the same kind. Her death was due to a complication of diseases. She did not die of that one which is generally, but erroneously, supposed to cause the death of the majority of monkeys—namely, consumption.

As, perhaps, the nearest approach to humanity that has ever been seen or studied in an adult state in this country, Sally excited very great and general interest. Her portrait was repeatedly published, photographs of her were constantly taken, experiments as to her intelligence were made by scientific investigators, and she was taught to perform actions, to obey orders, as we have said before, to count straws, by her keeper at the suggestion of those who endeavoured to investigate her mental condition.

The death of Sally is a great loss to the gardens, and is one not likely to be supplied. No instances whatever are known of any of the larger apes attaining any age approaching to that which she had reached. The extraordinary human expression of her face was partly disguised by the enormous size of her ears. If, however, one of her portraits were taken, and a piece of paper or muslin, cut into the likeness of a mob-cap, were placed around her face, her resemblance to a human being became at once wonderfully manifest, and we have seen many types of humanity that do not look as elevated in the scale of creation as the much lamented creature which has now passed away.

W. B. TEGETMEIER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The comparative limitation of our daily menu is a topic upon which it is easy to descant at considerable length. One hardly ever returns home from a Continental trip, for example (to say nothing of excursions to parts much farther off), without tacitly agreeing with the remark that foreigners exhibit a very much more extensive bill of fare than is the possession and glory of the British paterfamilias. This is entirely due to what the journalists call "insular prejudice." This last is a fine-sounding, comprehensive term, which, like the old lady's blessed "Mesopotamia," sounds well, and "means a lot," as the school-boy puts it. Truth to tell, however, it is undeniable that we Britishers are a very conservative nation in the matter of food. We may be as radical as we like in other matters, but we draw the line at our comestibles. A worthy lady I know has made the remark that, in the perplexity of attempts to vary her household bill of fare, she often devoutly wishes that Providence would "create some new animal to eat." Unfortunately, Providence will do nothing of the kind, especially as there are plenty of "animals to eat" already in existence. What the worthy woman should pray for is an enlightenment of our stolid understandings, that we may be led to see that there are many other animals good to eat besides oxen and their young, sheep, pigs, and barn-door fowls and their youthful progeny. I am not discussing diet as a philosophical matter, be it understood, nor am I even entering upon the topic of vegetarianism versus mixed feeding. If people are to subsist on anything stronger than porridge and salads in the way of diet, it is as well they should possess what the drapers call a "fine, extensive, and varied selection of goods."

One naturally turns to the sea for enlightenment on this variation of the food-question. Inexhaustible in its food-resources, one may well maintain that it is rather to Billingsgate than to Smithfield we may look for the extension of our diet-materials—leaving out of sight what is, of course, a notable point, that improved ideas of cookery will undoubtedly affect in a wholesome fashion the enlargement of the British bill of fare, which is an argument for the cultivation of culinary knowledge everywhere. The sea supplies us fairly well, as things are, with a varied assortment of foods, from periwinkles and mussels (the latter delightful as a sauce to boiled or fried fish) to the plebeian cod, the dainty herring, and the lordly salmon itself. Only, we have not reached the limits of the ocean's loving kindness to us by any means, or by many hundreds of varieties of eatable things. Once upon a time, incited to the experiment by Mr. Gosse's writings, I tried to cook a couple of big sea-anemones. I may as well say the experiment was a dismal failure. The culinary authority flatly refused to have anything to do with "cooking jellyfishes" (as she put it); and, my own knowledge of practical cookery being of limited character, what resulted was neither pleasant to the eye, tender to the teeth, nor digestible by one's internal mechanism. Still, there is no reason why we should not eat anemones. One man I once knew liked them immensely. They resembled cod, so he said; but he ate them properly cooked (stewed, I believe), and he enjoyed the tremendous advantage also of having them served up with an appropriate sauce.

From anemones to cuttlefishes is a wide step zoologically. From a culinary standpoint the two classes of animals are not very far apart. You might object to eat an anemone for many reasons, it is true; but there is no earthly reason why you should ever turn up your nose at a nice octopus or tender squid. Abroad, of course, cuttlefishes are eaten regularly. They taste like tripe, which everybody admits is very readily digested; but prejudice, wretched prejudice, again comes to the front of things. A week or two ago I enjoyed a lazy holiday fishing in Largo Bay, where, as the song says, "fishes I caught nine," or more. A little octopus took the bait and was duly drawn up by the line. When I was asked "what I was going to do with that thing" I replied that I intended to preserve it, or that I might eat it. My interlocutor held up his hands in sheer amazement at the statement. "Eat that!" ejaculated he, "Man, you would be poisoned!"—and yet people will tell us that the age of prejudice is over, and that everybody is free and enlightened!

Then we come to the crab and lobster tribes—these are the crustaceans of zoology. The above named, with the shrimps, prawns, spiny lobsters (or sea cray-fish), the fresh-water cray-fish, and the delicate Norway lobsters (or *Nephrops*) sum up our spoils from the shell-fish class; oysters and the molluscs—our octopus being but a kind of superior oyster when all is said and done—I leave out of consideration here. Very recently, I observe, Professor Herdman, of Liverpool, addressed a note to a contemporary, suggesting that within the limits of the lobster class we might obtain certain animals which should prove to be admirably adapted for food. He himself had tried certain of the crustaceans (related to the shrimps and prawns) which abound on the sea's surface, and which may be captured in thousands by aid of a tow-net. These animals, he asserts, were delicious eating, and as they are so nearly related to our prawns and others of that ilk, no rational being may refuse to join us in our new likings by reason of any sentimental objections to trying a new and unwonted kind of diet. Another correspondent, writing of Professor Herdman's experiment, says he has long held that these surface-living crustaceans might be made to afford a very admirable diet. The Greenland whale feeds upon them, drawing them by thousands into his mouth, where they are strained off from the water and entangled in his whalebone plates.

It seems clear, then, that there wait for us many sources of food-supply in the ocean. True, I may be reminded that crabs and lobsters are not generally regarded as very satisfying articles of diet; but the same objection applies to fish itself. There is not the staying power in fish that exists in beef, I admit; but then we all eat too much butcher meat (those of us at least who are well enough off to own a butcher's book), and even your working man thinks he is not fed at all unless he has a fair preponderance of steak or allied comestible included in his dietary as frequently as may be. One thing is certain, that, however we feed ourselves, a change of diet is not only wholesome but necessary, and the practice of living twice a week or so upon fish, as a *pièce de résistance*, is to be recommended for hygienic reasons, apart from any religious motives which may incite to such a rule of diet. I go further than this, however, and aver that our food-habits all round demand reform, chiefly in the direction of greater simplicity of living, but not less in the way of our utilising many sources of diet at present despised on account of that dreadful "insular prejudice." And when we go abroad, is it not curious to see how readily we leave that uncomfortable appendix behind us? We "return to our muttons" at home, having enjoyed our travel, and having none the less enjoyed the horseflesh, and other comestibles pronounced delicious and savoury, and all because (lamentable to relate) we didn't know what we were eating.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

P DAILY (Clapham).—We only asked the question in general terms, and did not propose any further notice of the problem. There was a great variety of opinion amongst our correspondents—that is all.

R K LEATHER (Liverpool).—We are much obliged for the charming little game.

K KELLY (of Kelly).—The three-mover shall appear, as we prefer it to the one that accompanies it.

P H W (Hampstead).—Even accepted problems must take their turn. We have many waiting longer than yours.

T.—The reply is 2. Q to Q 4th.

L LONOS (Eastbourne).—Your solution of No. 2471 is wrong. The other is correct.

F THOMPSON (Derby).—It is pleasant to find representatives of the "old school" still so well to the front.

P I LEYDEN (Ballinasloe).—You may take it that the solutions we give are always correct. In No. 2471, if Black play 1. P takes Q, White answers with P to K 4th, mate. The defence to your proposed solution by 1. Q to R 3rd is 1. Kt to Q Kt 6th. No. 2471 cannot be solved by 1. Kt to K 2d.

F A HILL (St. Paul, Minn.).—We are pleased to hear from you again, and hope circumstances will continue favourable. Your capital problem shall appear, if sound.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2463 and 2464 received from J W Bacon (Benares) and Oliver C Gilmore (Benares); of No. 2465 from A M Gilmore (Oudh), W F Shipper (Madras), Dr A R V Sastry (Tumkur), J W Bacon, and Oliver C Gilmore; of No. 2466 from Dr A E V Sastry; of No. 2468 from F A Hill (St. Paul, Minn.); of No. 2470 from F A Hill and A Gwinner; of No. 2471 from Dane John, Shadforth, and L Schult (Vienna); of No. 2472 from Victorius Aoz y del Frago (Lampion), G A H (Barcelona), Dane John, Emil Fraa (Lyons), W Hight, G H Puschart, Solesides, L Courcy (Cornhill), J Dobson (Dublin), Blanche Searle, J D Tucker (Leeds), A S (The Hague), L Schult (Vienna), Joseph T Pullen (Lancaster), and W F Allen (Belfast).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2473 received from J D Tucker (Leeds), James Dobson, W Hight, Shadforth, H S Bandrell, Martin F R H Brooks, Dawn, A Newman, Sorrento (Dawson), Dr F St J Cord, W H Reed (Liverpool), Dane John, Alpin, G Joyce, W Wright, Julia Short (Exeter), H K R Webb (Newbury), J A Farion (Eccles), H Brown, H Winters (Canterbury), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), J Hall, T G (Ware), E E H B D Knox, T Roberts, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), J F Moch, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), E Loudon, Stuart Downs, G H Palmer, W F Payne, Dr Walz (Heidelberg), L Desauges (Ardenza), L Schult, Hereward, Victorius A del Frago, and A Gwinner.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2471.—By FRED THOMPSON.

WHITE.
1. R to Q sq
2. B to Q 7th
3. Mate.

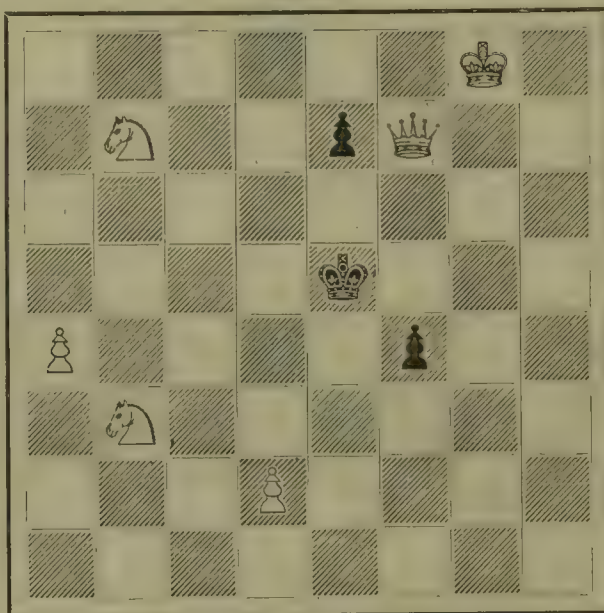
BLACK.
Q takes R
Any move

If Black play 1. Q takes P, 2. Kt to Kt 6th (dis ch), K takes Kt; 3. Kt to R 4th, mate; if 1. Q to B 4th, 2. Kt to R 4th, &c.; if 1. Kt takes P, 2. R to Q 4th, P takes R, 3. Kt mates; and if 1. P to Q 5th, then 2. Kt to Q 3rd (dis ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2475.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PARIS.

The following spirited game was recently played in the Café de la Régence between Mr. R. K. LEATHER, of Liverpool, and M. TAUBENHAUS, of Paris.

(Remove Black's K B P.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd	10. Kt to Kt 4th	R to Kt 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 4th	11. Q to Q 4th	Kt to B 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P	12. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to B sq
4. K B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th (ch)	13. P takes Kt	B to K 2nd (ch)
5. P to B 3rd	P takes P	14. K to Q 2nd	B to Kt 3rd
6. P takes P	B to R 4th	15. Q to Q 5th	Kt to Kt 2nd
	B to K 2nd would have saved Black most of his succeeding difficulties.	16. Kt to R 5th (ch)	
	7. B takes Kt		Admirably played, and conclusive. The game is well won.
	8. B to Kt 5th		
	9. Kt to K 5th		
	White now puts on the pressure in forcible fashion.		
	9.		
	P to K Kt 3rd		

GAME PLAYED BY THE LATE LOUIS PAULSEN.

The following game, which illustrates the late LOUIS PAULSEN'S skill, was unfortunately crowded out last week. It is historic as proving the unsoundness of the Muzio Gambit.

(Muzio Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. K.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. R takes Kt	B takes B
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	16. R to K 4th	B to Kt 4th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	17. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd
4. B to B 4th	P to Kt 5th	18. P to K R 4th	Q takes P
5. Castles	P takes Kt	19. Q takes P	P to Q 3rd
6. Q takes P	Q to B 3rd	20. Q takes B P	Q takes Q
7. P to K 5th	Q takes P	21. R takes Q	Kt to K 4th
8. P to Q 3rd	B to R 3rd	22. R takes R P	
9. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd		
10. Kt to B 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		
11. Q R to K sq	Q to K B 4th		

This is one of Paulsen's own inventions, and was here first adopted in match play. Q to K 4th (ch) had previously been the usual continuation.

The opening on both sides has been played with great accuracy, the defence especially so in face of the powerful attack. At this point R to K 4th at once is perhaps stronger.

12. B to B 3rd K to Q sq
13. B to B 6th B to Kt sq
14. B to B 6th B to Kt 4th

The admirable coolness of the defence is well shown by this reply.

The Chess Monthly for September gives a portrait and biographical sketch of the Rev. G. A. McDonnell, the most genial and popular of all living masters. Chess is but one of his accomplishments, and justice could not be done him save by a pen as lively as that of his own. He is a vivacious writer, a splendid raconteur, a fine reader, and an eloquent preacher. Need it be said further that he is a son of the Emerald Isle.

Mr. Blackburne will give his annual exhibition of blindfold play at the City of London Chess Club on Monday, Oct. 5. The exhibition will be free to all members of the club and their friends, including ladies, as usual. This will inaugurate the winter season of the club, which now numbers 250 subscribing members.

A Bill has been passed by the House of Representatives of New Zealand, granting the suffrage to women, and qualifying them to sit in Parliament.

Dr. Jacotet, a medical man, during an ascent of Mont Blanc in company with a party, fell dead in the Cabane des Bossons on Sept. 3. His death, at first attributed to over-fatigue, was actually caused by congestion of the lungs.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

In a dozen ways a fashionable French watering-place differs from an English one. At every step at Trouville we are reminded that we are not in England. On the "plank walk" one meets "all the world," and nearly every item of the crowd is novel in one way or another. Here it is that the silk petticoats rustle and the long trains sweep. Here it is that the broad-brimmed, low-crowned hats, covered with trimming—chiffon, flowers, and wings, all on one hat, as often as not—appear beneath the bright sun of the afternoon. Here it is that the merry band of children, playing together in troops, as English ones never do, remind us of a charming picture by Mars in the *Lady's Pictorial*. Here it is that the *bonnes*, looking most picturesque in their large round caps of quilled ribbon, promenade the little girls not yet old enough to play, and therefore dressed up like dolls in tiny red-braided jackets, wee pink silk capes, or elaborate confections of white lace and cambric. Here it is that the excellent Roumanian orchestra under M. Michel Nutulescou, from the Paris *Folies-Bergère*, discourses free music outside the café. Here at one moment is seen a stylish lady, costumed in the newest fashion: perhaps it may be no less a one than the Princesse de Sagan, "the good fairy of Trouville," the greatest of the Republic's great dames, and the most picturesque figure in the world, with her slender form, active walk, golden hair, youthful complexion, and abounding spirits—at more than seventy years of age! Then the next moment comes some figure typical of the humble life that seems so much more happy, contented, and leisurely here than at home.

Perhaps it is a peasants' wedding-party, the bride, with her perfect crown of orange-blossom and her white frock, on the arm of her rustic husband, too conscious of his exciting situation, and followed by her bridesmaids and friends in a long procession, all singing softly a bridal song as they go, while one or two of the men (looking so droll in unaccustomed high hats and black coats!) play a rough sort of pipe in accompaniment. Or it is a little maiden returning in her white frock and flower-decked coiffure from her school prize-giving, carrying a brightly bound volume or two in her hand. Or it is a blouse-clad, unbuttoned working-man, giving his arm to his mother or strolling with his wife, after the pleasant rest of *déjeuner* (he surely carrying the baby if one there be), and presently parting with a kiss on both the cheeks, given affectionately and openly in the light of day, with that simple reliance on human acceptance of the needs and the joys of humanity that makes both French literature and French daily life so much more frank and candid and unconcealed than our own.

Gored backs characterise the new dresses that the most fashionable Paris houses are making. This, while implying the nuisance of a skirt well touching the ground, has at least the advantage of putting much less stuff into the skirt near the waist, and of so reducing its weight. Longer and yet longer are growing the basques of the bodices, and, as these add both fullness and warmth round the hips, it is very necessary that the material in the skirt should be reduced in compensation. Neither very high nor very full sleeves are being made, but there is a little lift on the shoulder; and generally the lower part of the sleeve, right to the elbow, matches the collar or the trimming in some way.

Skirts are all trimmed round the bottom more or less, and a horizontal trimming to match frequently appears on the bodice. A yoke of some material different from that forming the bulk of the costume, but matching the foot-trimming, produces this effect. Or under the loose-fronted jacket the vest is barred across with lines of velvet ribbon or passementerie, or whatever is chosen to adorn the foot of the skirt. Severely plain; long-skirted; and close-fitting basques are specially appropriate to the neatness of the tailor style. French fashion inclines rather to the long-basqued coat falling open and showing under it a shorter and absolutely well-fitting vest of a contrasting material or colour. Some of the newest skirts have paniers instead of long basques, the coat being cut off about a couple of inches below the waist. Young ladies' dresses, again, are sometimes cut pointed, but not high, over the hips, and finished by a sash of velvet ribbon passing round there and tied at the extreme back or at the left side to allow the ends to fall nearly to the foot of the skirt.

Velvet is an extremely suitable material for the present style of dress; and nothing could be desired more beautiful than the effect of "My Queen" Vel-vel in the straight and graceful lines of the fashion of the day, whether for walking or evening dress. This material is simply perfection of its kind, with the lustre and surface-finish of silk velvet, but lighter to wear and less liable to spot or "plush." It drapes beautifully for evening trains, and not less successfully does it bear the test of the light falling upon and reflecting from it in a visiting gown with a plain skirt and long-basqued bodice. "My Queen" Vel-vel is made in so large a number of beautiful shades that there is no occasion to which it is not fitted. There are the softest art-shades of cream, yellow, pink, fawn, grey, and terra-cotta, for tea-gowns and dinner-dresses; the more brilliant tones of green, blue (an infinite variety of blues!), and red for bodice and train for reception and ball dresses; and the richer and more severe colours, amethysts, bronze and myrtle greens, electric and navy blues, browns in great variety, and darker fawns and greys for autumn and winter walking and afternoon gowns. Amongst about a hundred and fifty of the newest fashionable shades on the pattern-card, there is every variety of tone; yet not one in bad taste—not one that cannot be safely chosen for wear by a woman of refinement.

This material combines with either silk or cloth excellently. A model in black "My Queen" Vel-vel has a coat turning back with revers passing into a Medici collar faced with black corded silk and edged with fine silk braid; a vest of fawn-coloured cloth, cut away to show a little white shirt-front and collar. The skirt is well gored to fit closely to the figure, and rests a few inches on the ground. It is trimmed only by the deep hem having three rows of stitching round. Another (which would be specially suitable for a bridesmaid's gown) is in petunia-coloured "My Queen" Vel-vel—a red with a violet tone. It is made with a Louis XV. long coat, braided in brandenburgs down both edges of the loose front with mauve silk cord. The centre is a vest in mauve bengaline, and the high loose-fitting vel-vel cuffs are braided to match the coat edges. An electric-grey vel-vel gown has a narrow vest of pink bengaline, buttoned down the centre, revealed by the turning back of two revers of vel-vel, braided along the edges with pink and grey twisted braid. The sleeves are of the grey vel-vel, with a full puff of pink silk let in at the top. Another very stylish toilette is in copper-red, chandron "My Queen" Vel-vel. The bodice is cut open in a deep V, which is filled in with pinks of apricot surah; revers of the vel-vel turn off from this and form high epaulettes puffs on the shoulders, lined with apricot. The skirt is gored very gracefully. These and many other charming models have been specially designed for the proprietors of the "My Queen" Vel-vel, and are issued in a fashion book that all dressmakers should possess.

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"A rich and beautiful velours—the colours are simply lovely, and the pile is rich and thick. The appearance of 'MY QUEEN' VEL-VEL is that of a highly finished Silk Velvet."

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

After a very brief interval and a wet holiday the theatre doors are opening and a new dramatic season has started. Sir Augustus Harris was the first to open the ball at Old Drury on Sept. 5. I can well remember the time when the mere mention of a melodrama at Drury Lane caused a shudder among the upholders of the old "legitimate" school. It was considered downright sacrilege and flat heresy. According to the dramatic Puritans the "National Theatre" was to be devoted to Shakspeare and the classical dramatists. No one can have forgotten the famous controversy over Boucicault's "Formosa," and Chatterton's indignant remonstrance that he managed a theatre to make it pay, and did not intend to waste money in forcing the "legitimate" when nobody wanted it. It was the same cry of his predecessor, Alfred Bunn. It was the cause of the hand-to-hand encounter between Bunn and Macready, who "savaged" his manager in his sanctum. It was virtually the same cry as that used by Bancroft when he was taken to task for abolishing the Haymarket pit. The theatre is in the first place a shop, and the manager, be he actor or author or layman, is a tradesman. And so it has gone on. In fact, the public has nowadays become so accustomed to autumn melodrama at the Lane that I imagine they would resent its absence as much as a Christmas pantomime, although in these recent days it is docked of its harlequinade.

I don't think there is much reason for the haters of modern melodrama to tear their hair out by the roots or cover themselves with sackcloth and ashes over the success of "A Sailor's Knot," by Henry Pettitt. Surely, it is a very fair specimen indeed of a popular play designed for a cheap audience. Here and there we may find a little redundancy of dialogue. The last act is not quite what it might have been; there is, perhaps, too much violence in several scenes; but, on the whole, it is a very good play of its class, and I am inclined to think it the best thing of the kind that the author has done. Modern authors are told to scorn convention. Well, Mr. Pettitt has done this in that he has scorned "female interest." The old schoolmen of plays will tell you that a play without female interest is comparatively worthless. I don't think it will prove so in this instance. At any rate, at Drury we have a drama with two heroes, just as at the Adelphi we have a drama with two heroines. It is a strange circumstance that in both cases the second hero and the second heroine turn out by far the best acting part. Unquestionably, at the Adelphi, the character taken by Mrs. Patrick Campbell is better than that assumed by Miss Elizabeth Robins, and I take it, when they have seen the play, that few actors would choose the brother played by Mr. Charles Warner in preference to the brother played by Mr. Charles Glenney. I certainly think Mr. Glenney's part is the more sympathetic of the two, though both are effective.

In order to show how opinions differ on a material point, I may say that exception has already been taken to one of the principal incidents on which the story is based. Two foster brothers are bound together by an affection as sincere as that of Jonathan and David. The elder brother goes to sea, leaving to the other's care his sweetheart. Authentic news arrives that the absent brother has been drowned at sea. There is no doubt about his death. After an interval the remaining brother finds that his duty of guardianship has drifted into sincere affection. He loves his dead brother's sweetheart, and she

returns the affection. It is, in fact, the first part of the story of "Enoch Arden" over again—all but the marriage. At this juncture the dead brother comes to life again, and is surprised to find his sweetheart's love grown cold, but he does not know the reason. By a generous impulse, the younger brother resolves to quit the scene, and yield up the love he has won. But the woman will not hear of it. She loves him, and never can love another. Her first affection was that of an ignorant child; this is the passion of a woman. The elder brother accidentally hears this avowal. There is no hope for him if he were to stay by her side for ever; so he accepts the situation, takes his departure, and leaves to his comrade the heart he has won. Now, this is represented as an absurd and overstrained incident, unnatural and improbable. For the life of me, I cannot see it. I am told that "people don't do such things." Don't they? Well, it is a great pity they do not.

But, in addition to that, there are several strong and dramatic incidents not of a vulgar or sensational order. I hold that the scene of mutiny on board the Dauntless is admirably conceived and managed. There is no claptrap in it. It may be a little too preachy, but, on the whole, it is dramatic and keenly interesting to the spectator. Besides all this it is a great gain when we can get away for once from the fashions of modern life in melodrama. It is interesting to look upon the naval and military costumes of the Georgian era, however ugly and unsuitable they may be to some of the wearers, and we may depend upon it that at Drury Lane they are accurate to a strap and a button. Mr. Pettitt has given us a sound, wholesome, and patriotic play, and Sir Augustus Harris has taken care that it shall be well acted.

Charles Warner and Charles Glenney have proved before now their capability for this kind of work. Two more arduous characters have seldom been entrusted to actors of experience. The characters must be noisy because the whole play is noisy. It is always strung up to the highest pitch. It is to the actors' credit that it has been made effective in every scene. Patrons of Drury Lane are always delighted to remember that the staff contains such valuable artists as Miss Jessie Millward, Miss Fanny Brough, and Mr. Harry Nicholls. They are all favourites, and they deserve to be. It is not rash to prophesy a successful career for "A Sailor's Knot," both in London and in the provinces.

"What are the provinces?" is often asked. Well, it would appear that they start, nowadays, quite within the London radius. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have started their provincial tour at the Grand Theatre, Islington, and have been cordially welcomed by as crowded houses as I have ever seen. I wish we could import some of the North London enthusiasm to the West-End, in order to stimulate our art. But, then, the Islingtonians and the dwellers on the northern heights were always enthusiastic playgoers. Did they not support Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells, and encourage Robson at the old Grecian?

There will be a natural interest to see Paulus, the celebrated Parisian comic singer. By a well-known ditty, known all over the world, he was as much connected with Boulangerism in France as Macdormott was, by an equally popular song, with Jingoism in England. Paulus is a dapper little man, with a comical expression, a neat style, and an excellent voice. He sings well, he is a mimic, a whistler, a pantomimist, and unquestionably an artist. He is to be seen at the Trocadero Music Hall, a very admirable specimen of the new variety or smoking theatre, now that it is managed by Mr. Sam Adams, who has vast experience and has acquired a deserved popularity.

OBITUARY.

SIR PHILIP GREY-EGERTON, BART.

Sir Philip Le Belward Grey-Egerton, Bart., of Egerton and Oulton Park, county of Chester, died in London Sept. 2. He was born March 28, 1833, and, having been educated at Eton, succeeded his father, Sir Philip de Malpas Grey-Egerton, M.P., as eleventh baronet in 1881. Having entered the Army as lieutenant Coldstream Guards, he served with the Rifle Brigade in the Crimean Campaign, 1854 to 1855 (medal with two clasps and Turkish medal), and was formerly lieutenant-colonel 4th Battalion Cheshire Regiment. He was a magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Cheshire. In 1861 he married Henrietta Elizabeth Sophia, eldest daughter of Albert, first Lord Londesborough, and by her has, with other issue, Philip Henry Brian, now twelfth baronet, who was born in 1864, and who is captain 4th Battalion Cheshire Regiment. Sir Philip was head of the great Cheshire family of Egerton.

SIR JOHN NEELD, BART.

Sir John Neeld, Bart., Grittleton, Wilts, who died Sept. 2, was born July 20, 1805, the fifth son of Mr. Joseph Neeld, of Fulham, Middlesex. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 1827, M.A. 1830). For four-and-twenty years he represented the borough of Cricklade in the Conservative interest. He was a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and J.P. and D.L. (High Sheriff 1872) for Wilts. In 1845 he married Eliza Harriet, second daughter of Major-General William Dickson, C.B., of Beenham House, Berks, by his wife, Harriet, second daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas Dallas, G.C.B. He was created a baronet in 1859, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Algernon William, who was born in 1846.

MR. STAFFORD HOTCHKIN.

Mr. Thomas John Stafford Hotchkin, lord of the manors of Woodhall and Thimbleby, died at his residence in Lincolnshire on Aug. 30. He was born March 11, 1839, the eldest son of the late Major Thomas Henry Stafford Hotchkin, of Woodhall Spa and Humby, in the county of Lincoln, and Luffenham Hall, in the county of Rutland. He was a magistrate for the county of Lincoln and High Sheriff for Rutland 1873. In 1864 he married Mary Charlotte Edith Lucas, eldest daughter of Mr. George Vere Braithwaite, of Stackley, Leicester. He was formerly captain Leicestershire Militia.

LADY CAROLINE CHARTERIS.

Lady Caroline Charteris died at her residence, 28, Bruton Street, on Sept. 2. She was born Jan. 12, 1816, the youngest daughter of Francis, seventh Earl of Wemyss, by Margaret, his wife, daughter of Mr. Walter Campbell, of Shawfield.

Isaac Jarman, one of Ramsgate's most famous storm-warriors, died on Sept. 5. He had for eleven years acted as coxswain of the Ramsgate life-boat. His age was sixty.

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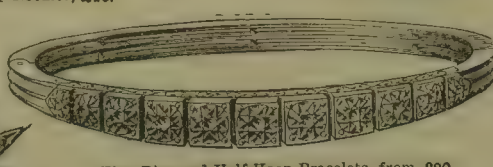
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Mr. J. H. HEATHMAN, Endell-street and Wilson-street, London, W.C., Expert Fire and Hydraulic Engineer, writes—

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"For many years past I have used your Embrocation to cure rheumatism, colds, and sprains, and always with very satisfactory results.

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"An illustration: On Monday last I got wet and had to travel home by rail. On Tuesday I had rheumatism in my legs and ankles, and well rubbed my legs and feet with your Embrocation. On Wednesday (to-day) I am well again, and the cost of the cure has been eightpence, as the bottle is not empty. This, therefore, is an inexpensive remedy."

ADVANTAGES OF PLENTY OF FRICTION.

Mr. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes—

"Jan. 7, 1890.

"On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot; in the night it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about seven o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ miles for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until five o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house."

LUMBAGO.

From a Justice of the Peace. "About a fortnight ago a friend advised me to try your Embrocation, and its effect has been magical."

FOOTBALL.

Forfar Athletic Football Club. "Given entire satisfaction to all who have used it."

STRENGTHENS the MUSCLES.

From "Victoria," "The Strongest Lady in the World." "It not only relieves pain, but it strengthens the nerves and muscles."

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A Blackheath Harrier writes— "Draw attention to the benefit to be derived from using Elliman's Embrocation after cross-country running in the winter months."

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From a Clergyman.

"For many years I have used your Embrocation, and found it most efficacious in preventing and curing sore throat from cold."

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CHAS. S. AGAR, Esq., Forbes Estate, Maskellia, Ceylon, writes—

"The coolies suffer much from carrying heavy loads long distances, and they get cramp in the muscles, which, when well rubbed with your Embrocation, is relieved at once."

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A. F. GARDINER, Esq., Official Hand-capper, Spartan Harriers, writes—

"44, Cawley Rd., South Hackney, N.E. "After exercise it is invaluable for dispersing stiffness and aches. No athlete or cross-country runner should be without it."

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"I was recommended by my friend 'Victoria' your Embrocation, and by using it for two days I was enabled to resume my duties."

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From L. FABRELLAS, St. Sebastian, Spain.

"I am a member of a cycling club here, and can testify to the excellent results to be obtained by using your Universal Embrocation."

RHEUMATISM.

From A. BARTON, Esq., The Ferns, Romford.

"I write to say that had it not been for Elliman's Embrocation I should have remained a cripple up to the present moment."



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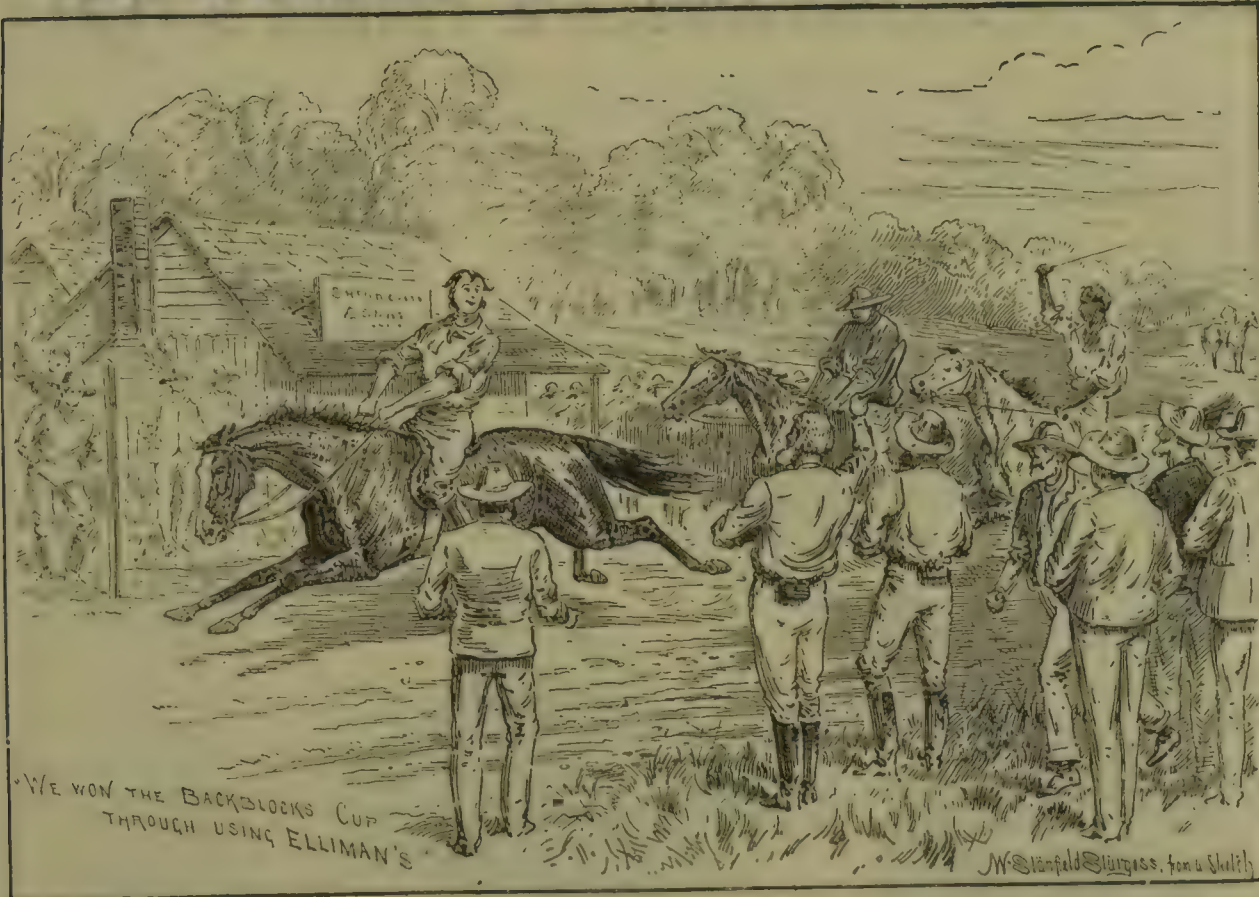
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 14, 1884), with a codicil (dated Nov. 7, 1884) of Mr. Robert Henry Manning, late of 155, Clapham Road, who died on May 23, has been proved by Thomas Herbert Robertson, the nephew and acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £156,000. The testator bequeaths £6000 to his sister, Mrs. Maria Louisa Robertson, but, should she predecease him, then to his great-nephew and niece, Arthur Manning Haines and Eveline Constance Haines; £23,000 between the said Arthur Manning Haines and Eveline Constance Haines; £20,000 to his nephew, the said Thomas Herbert Robertson; £27,000 between his three nieces Marianna Manning, Eugenia Manning, and Georgina Schneider; and legacies to relatives, friends, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said nephew.

The will (dated March 12, 1888) of Mrs. Anna Farr Roberts, late of The Limes, Weybridge, Surrey, who died on June 5, was proved on Aug. 28 by the Rev. William Goodall and Ralph Jermy Beevor, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £80,000. The testatrix provides an annuity of £1000 for her son, Chevallier Fitz Roberts, and at the discretion of her trustees he may use and occupy her residence, The Limes, with the furniture and effects. She bequeaths £2000, upon trust, for her said son, for life; her watches, jewellery, trinkets, and personal ornaments to her granddaughter, Zoe Pleasance Fellowes; £500 to each of her executors; £5000 to her son-in-law, Commander Charles James Fellowes; an annuity of £1100 to her said son-in-law in addition to the £400 per annum secured to him by the settlement executed on his marriage; £1000 to Mrs. Olivia Clarkson; and legacies to servants. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her grandchildren, Zoe Pleasance Fellowes, Robert Fellowes, and George Fellowes, in equal shares.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1889) of Mr. Daniel Wilshin, late of Kingsmead, Brenchley, Kent, who died on July 27, was proved on Aug. 19 by Alfred William Hurley, Jason Wilshin, and Herbert Edward Curtis, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator gives £100 to each of his executors; and his freehold property, Kingsmead, with the furniture and effects, and all other his real estate, to his niece, Mrs. Ellen Robinson. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his nephews and nieces, Alfred William Hurley, Jason Wilshin, Herbert Edward Curtis, John Hurley, Isabel Emma Hurley, Emily Grace Devin, Annie Sherborn Parker, Louisa Caroline Hurley, Edith Mary Hurley, Frances Emma Curtis, Constance Mary Curtis, Phillis Wilshin, and Ellen Robinson.

The will (dated May 20, 1887) of Mr. John Baldwin, C.E., late of Ernesbrake, Southend, Essex, who died on July 14, was proved on Aug. 19 by Arthur Ernest Baldwin, the son, and Mrs. Sarah Ann Baldwin, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. There are specific gifts of jewellery to his two sons Arthur Ernest and John Brakewell; and as to the residue of his real personal estate, he leaves one third to his son Arthur Ernest; and two thirds upon trust for his wife, during widowhood, and then for his said two sons.

The will (dated July 24, 1888) of Mr. John Kellerman Wedderburn, late of 41, Cadogan Place, who died on June 4, was proved on Aug. 20 by Mrs. Charlotte Wedderburn, the widow, Major William McMahon, and Edward Freshfield,

three of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £30,000. In so far as he has not already done so, he appoints under the will of his father, James Wedderburn, £800 per annum to his wife; he also appoints, under his marriage settlement, certain trust funds to his daughter Emily Frederica Knyvett, and his grandson Henry Kellerman Hamilton. He bequeaths £210 to his executor Major McMahon; £105 to his executor Dr. Freshfield; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he gives to his wife.

The will (dated May 27, 1881), with a codicil (dated March 1, 1887), of Sir Harford James Jones Brydges, Bart., late of Boulthbrooke, Radnorshire, who died on June 11, was proved on Aug. 19 by Dame Mary Sarah Jones Brydges, the widow, and William Harvey Moberly, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5764. The testator gives £200 per annum to his sister, Sarah Bentham, for life; and £150 per annum (to be increased to £200 per annum on the death of his wife) to his sister-in-law, Emma Moberly, for life, both charged on the Boulthbrooke estate; and, subject thereto, he devises the Mansion House, Boulthbrooke, and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates to his wife, for life, and then to his great-nephew, Edward Scudamore Lucas. His books, furniture, plate, and jewellery, including the diamond snuff-boxes given to his late father by the Sultan of Turkey, he bequeaths to his wife, for life, and then to his said great-nephew. There are legacies to trustees and servants, and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for the said Edward Scudamore Lucas.

The will and codicil of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles James Orton Owen-Swaffield, J.P., formerly 31st Foot, late of Wyke Regis, Dorset, who died on April 20, at Florence, were proved on Aug. 29 by Mrs. Augusta Owen-Swaffield, the widow and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3386.

The will of Major-General Lewis Blyth Hole, late of Wansley, Elm Road, Sidcup, Kent, who died on June 18, at Plympton Saint Maurice, Devonshire, was proved on Aug. 12 by Mrs. Evana Hole, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2590.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Colonel James Patrick O'Gorman Mahon, J.P., D.L., M.P., late of 12, Sydney Street, South Kensington, who died on June 16, a widower without child and intestate, were granted on Aug. 28 to Charles Patrick Mahon-Hagan, the great-nephew and only next-of-kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to £702.

Dr. Jowett, the Master of Balliol, is staying at Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary, on a visit to the Lord Chief Justice and Lady Coleridge.

Reports from a large number of districts in England speak favourably as to the ingathering of the harvest at the close of the week ending Sept. 5, although considerable damage has been irretrievably done to the crops, especially barley.

The Egyptian Government has, it is said, appointed a European Commission to examine the claims arising out of the abandonment of the Soudan, and has placed at its disposal a sum of £125,000. The claims amount altogether to over a million, of which £23,000 has been recognised by Egypt. £102,000 will be divided *pro rata* among claimants whose demands are approved by the Commission. The award of the Commission will be final, and no future claims based on the Soudan insurrection will be admissible.

THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

SECOND NOTICE.

The magazines all gain this month by the absence of politics and the wider range of topics selected. The *Nineteenth Century* publishes the one political article of interest in Mr. Gladstone's "Electoral Facts," which is a pendant to similar communications by Mr. Gladstone written in October 1887 and December 1889. Mr. Gladstone's conclusion from a mass of figures is that the Liberals will—reckoning the falling off in the Irish representation on account of the Parnellite split—have a clear majority of one hundred at the least and one hundred and sixty at the highest, though Mr. Gladstone maintains that the former supposition is extravagantly in favour of the Conservatives. Mrs. Kennard gives a brief sketch of the stormy and eventful life of Ferdinand Lassalle, the most heroic figure that Socialism has yet produced; and Professor Geffcken writes a somewhat unfavourable account of compulsory insurance in Germany, his conclusion being a doubt whether this inheritance of Bismarck's State Socialism can be maintained. Mr. Archibald Forbes adds another thrilling chapter to his reminiscences from the days of the Russo-Turkish war, when he was the most brilliant and strenuous war-correspondent of the hour. Especially interesting are his descriptions of Alexander II., as seen in all the splendours of his imperial palace, and as a worn-out nervous rheumatic wreck on the morrow of the great disaster at Plevna. Mr. Forbes also describes how he sent the news of the capture of Ali Musjid in a message dated 10 a.m., which was selling in Fleet Street at 9 a.m., and was published in San Francisco at 6 a.m. on the same morning. In other words, as Mr. Forbes puts it, the telegram went half round the globe in two hours less than no time at all! Dr. Jessopp, as fresh and as interesting as ever, outlines a scheme for the insurance of poor parsons, and M. Jusserand gives a charming account of the Count de Cominges at the Court of Charles II. Altogether this is a very strong number, concluding with a double view of Imperial Federation from Lord Brassey and Mr. Carnegie.

The *Contemporary* is bright, varied, and literary as usual. Sir M. E. Grant Duff gives a description of a tour in Southern India, and Mr. Wicksteed continues his very learned and instructive essays on Ibsen, accompanied by excellent prose translations of the Norwegian dramatist's poems and romances. Professor Schürer declares against the Apostle John as the author of the Fourth Gospel, though he minimises the importance of this conclusion. Mr. Christie Murray's second article on Australia is full of the results of vivid personal observation.

The *Fortnightly* is also a very strong and varied number. The place of honour is given to Professor Tyndall, who summarises the results of Dr. Cornet's investigations on the propagation and prevention of consumption. His conclusion is that consumption is highly contagious, and that the chief source of infection is the dried sputum of the patients. Among many instances of infection, he mentions that a healthy girl of seventeen devoting herself to hospital nursing dies on an average twenty-one years and a half sooner than a girl of the same age moving among the general public. Spitting on the floor or in a pocket-handkerchief he regards as the main source of infection, and he warns consumptive mothers against kissing their healthy children. Mr. Sidney Low, the editor of the *St. James's*, writes an excellent and carefully considered criticism of Lowell's poetry; and Frederic Harrison

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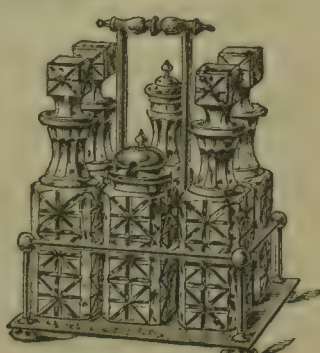
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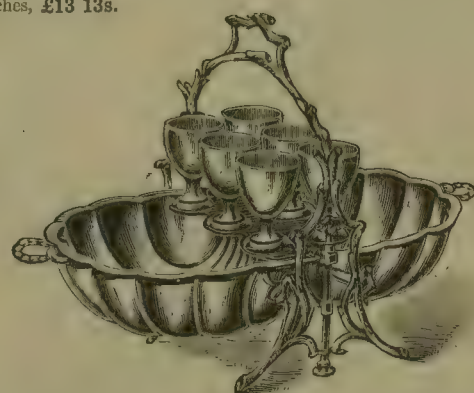
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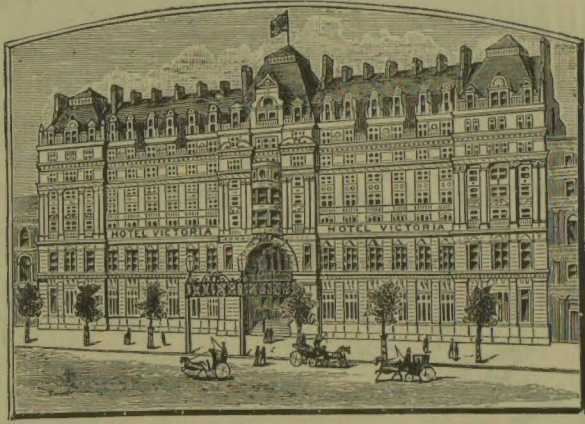
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contributes a brilliant description of the thirteenth century, which contains a wonderful Liebig's extract of criticism and knowledge. The editor, Mr. Frank Harris, who is developing into a very pointed writer of short stories, contributes three brief Western sketches, which he calls "A Triptych"; and Mr. William Archer writes of the new Belgian playwright, Maeterlinck, who has been called the Belgian Shakspeare, and who seems to possess a strangely weird manner, which, as Mr. Archer says, makes the sentences read now and then like extracts from Ollendorff, with a certain suggestion of creeping terror.

The *New Review* excels as usual in very bright brevities. Bret Harte's criticism on his fellow poet, Lowell—whom he regards as more of an Englishman than an American—is very sympathetic; and M. Simon and Miss Clementina Black give two views of the special hardships of women workers, Miss Black advocating the abolition of fines and protesting against deductions from wages under which the employer covers part of the expenses, makes the worker pay for some real or supposed advantage, or multiplies her wages on account of spoilt work. Sir Morell Mackenzie treats of training as a means for "keeping the physiological instrument up to the athletic concert-pitch," and, on the whole, pronounces for the diet used by the University athletes training for the boat-race. A Frenchman writes amusingly and suggestively on French hypocrisy, and fairly turns the tables on the writers who insist on giving to Englishmen a pre-eminence in cant.

Scribner's is bright and very charmingly illustrated. Robert Louis Stevenson, in collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, continues his quaintly vivacious novel "The Wrecker," and there are some more interesting papers on the steam-ship lines of the world. Mr. Royce describes the present ideals of American university life; and Mr. Felix Moscheles gives a charming picture of Browning's home at Asolo, the scene of "Pippa Passes," and the place which gave its name to his last volume, "Asolando." He has also seen the manuscript of the "Epilogue," which is the last poem he ever published, and he mentions an interesting change in the concluding words—

Strive and thrive, cry God to speed,
Fight ever there as here.
was changed to—
Strive and thrive, cry speed—fight on,
Fare ever there as here.

Murray's Magazine is literary and very well varied. Mr. Theodore Bent gives a curious account of the Afshas, a tribe in Cilicia, who dwell in reed habitations resembling birdcages more than houses. It is a rather strange coincidence that *Murray's Magazine* also contains an account of Asolo from the pen of Madame Villari, who gives the inscription on the house where Browning resided—

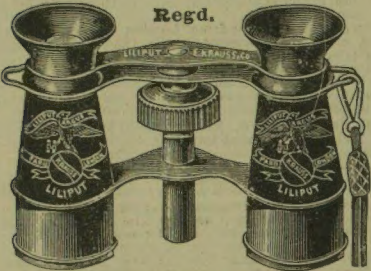
Qui ablit Roberto Browning,
Il sommo poeta inglese,
E qui scrisse Asolando.

The *Cosmopolitan* makes a special feature of being almost entirely written by women, including Lady Dilke, who leads off with a brilliant sketch of Detaille, whom she calls France's greatest military artist; Amélie Rives, Countess Norkow, and others. The illustrations are extremely delicate and fine, and there is an especially interesting article on "Society Women as Authors."

H. W. M.

It may be due to the Constantinople intrigues that the German Emperor, while being present at the autumn manoeuvres at Schwarzenau, lost no opportunity of identifying himself with Austria and her army, and that Count Kalnoky had a long interview with the German Emperor, and Chancellor von Caprivi was received by the Emperor of Austria. At all events, the fact is worth noting, and it cannot be doubted that, happening to be together at the time the recent changes occurred at the Porte, the two statesmen have had the subject under their consideration. After the manoeuvres, William II. left Austria for Munich, where he arrived on Sept. 7. He was received at the station by the Prince Regent, and drove to the castle amid the cheers of the people. This visit is the first paid to the Bavarian capital by a German Emperor since the establishment of German unity, and the Munich papers, recognising the importance of the occasion, have published articles expressing the most loyal sentiments towards the German Emperor, and saying that in the hour of trial Bavaria will be in the foremost rank of the defenders of the Fatherland.

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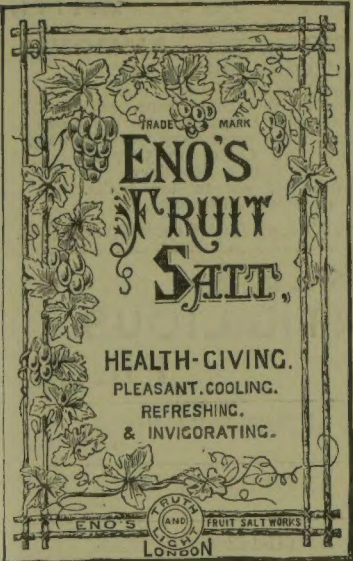
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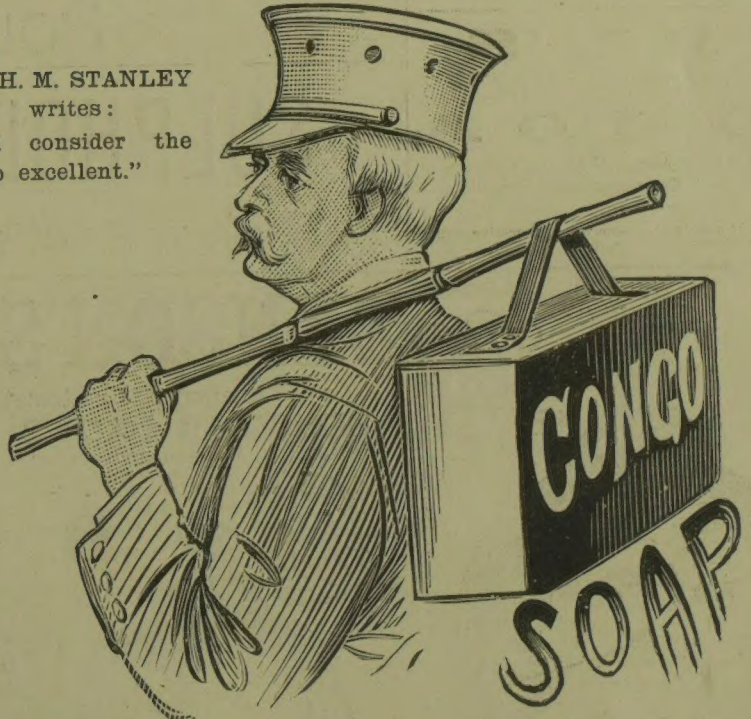


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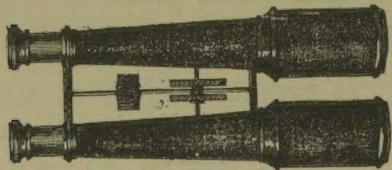
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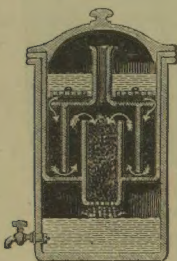
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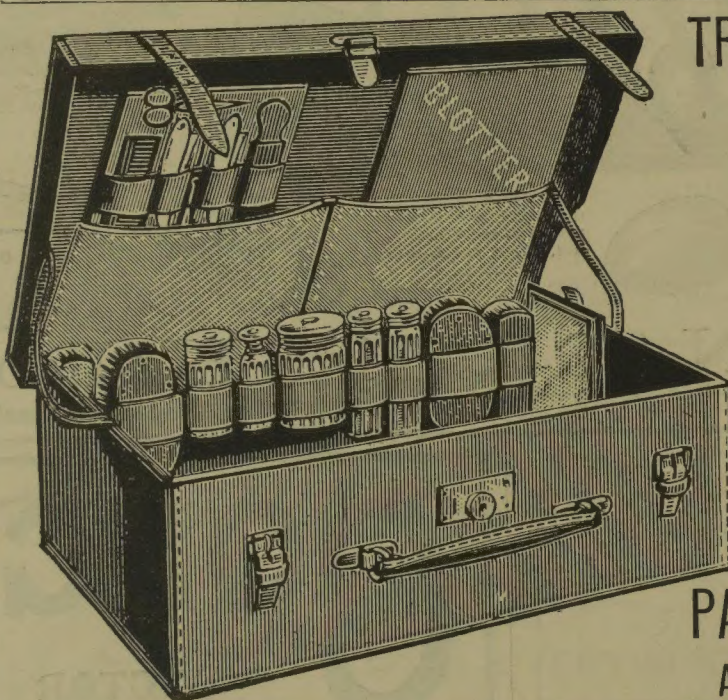
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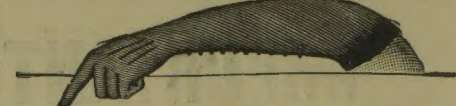
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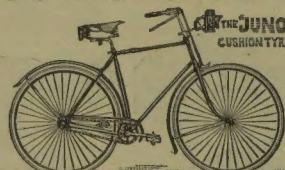
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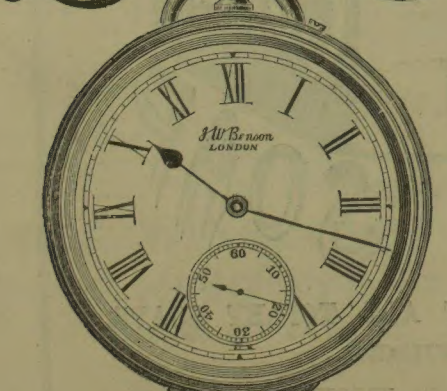


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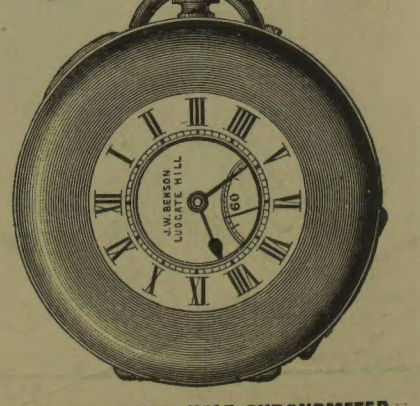
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